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NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE

WaveLength

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ISSUE NO.46
AUGUST 1984

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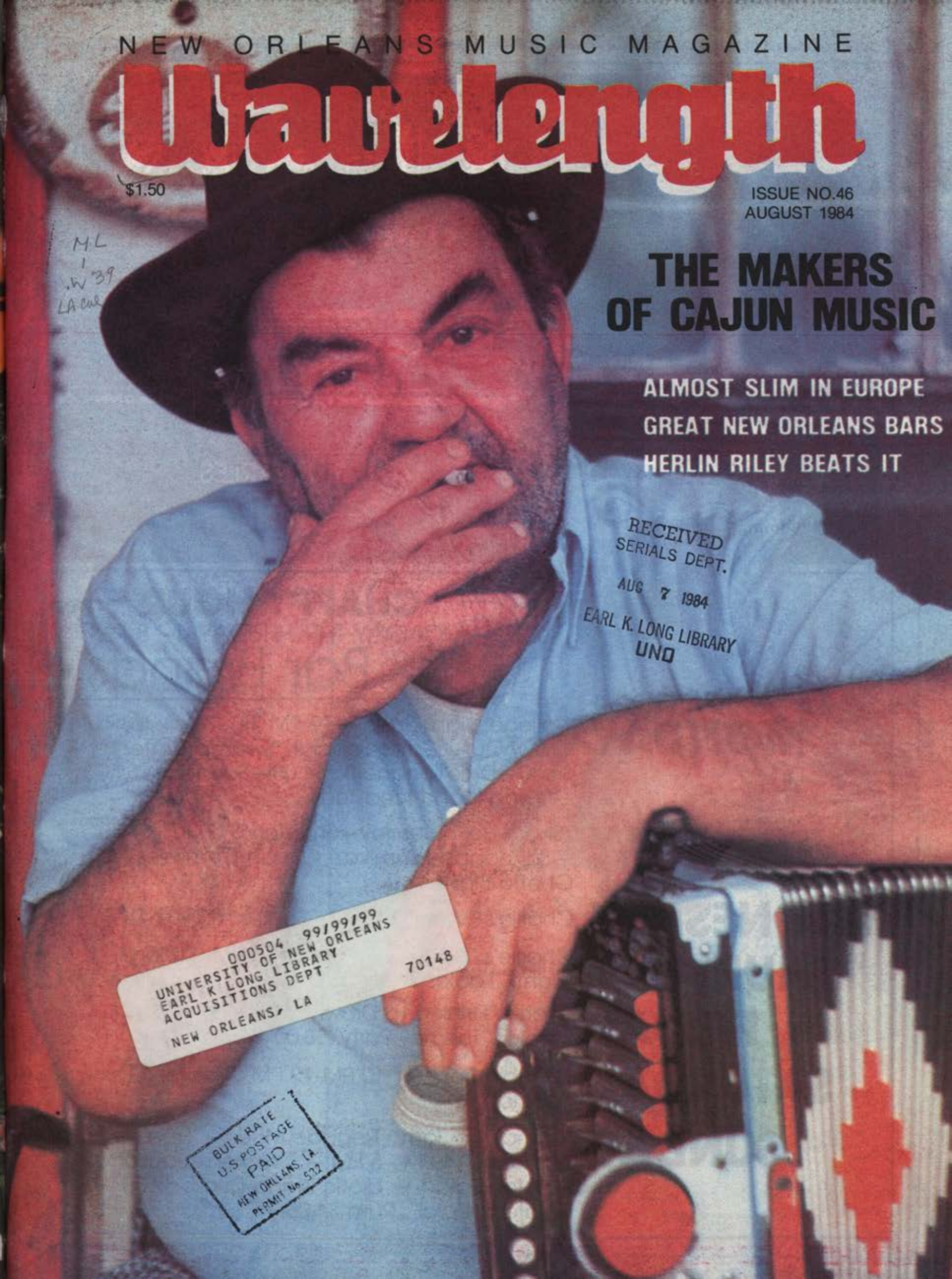
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Wavelength

ISSUE NO.46 ● AUGUST 1984

ISSN 0741 · 2460

"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."

—Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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Cover photo by Elemore Morgan, from "The Makers of Cajun Music."

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DIANA ROSENBERG



South Rampart Street stomping grounds, amidst the skyscrapers and parking lots. Henry Byrdland Roe—er, Henry Roeland Byrd would be pleased although he probably would've preferred his bronze likeness with the ever-present sunglasses intact.
—Bunny Matthews

Little Richard: Duped By Rupe?

Good old Little Richard seems to be back in the limelight, what with an upcoming biography ready for the bookshelves, the steamier parts of which were printed in a recent issue of *Rolling Stone* and an \$80 million law suit, in which he claims he did not receive proper royalties for thirty of his songs.

In the suit filed in Los Angeles, Richard W. Penniman—a.k.a. Little Richard—admitted signing a release and settlement binder with Specialty Records on November, 1959. In return for \$11,000, Penniman agreed to sign over all future recording royalties to a company owned by Art Rupe. The agreement settled a law suit initiated that year by Penniman, who claimed he had not been paid proper recording royalties.

Venice Music, who published Penniman's material, was sold years back by Rupe to ATV, which now holds the rights to the songs in question.

In the new suit Penniman argues that he was inexperienced when dealing with Rupe and that he was ill advised by Rafus Carter, his lawyer at the time, who, Penniman claimed, was provided by Rupe. Among the songs in question are "Tutti Frutti," "Lucille," "Long Tall Sally," "Rip It Up," "Ready Teddy," and "The Girl Can't Help It."

The defendants are accused of not paying Little Richard for "work, labor, services and love" since 1955.

—Almost Slim



DIANA ROSENBERG

Professor Longhair and Mrs. Byrd, reunited at the World's Fair. Sculptor Coco Robichaux is center.

Dedicating Longhorn...Uh, Longhair

Louisiana World Exposition chief Petr Spurney is a man with a lot on his mind (as well as a trillion creditors beating at his door) so we should probably forgive him for calling Professor Longhair "Professor Longhorn" at the recent ceremonies

dedicating Coco Robichaux's bronze bust of the late pianist, which now resides in the courtyard of the Federal Fibre Mills Building. An amusing *faux-pas* it was, reminiscent of the time Councilman Frank Friedler referred to Clarence "Gate-mouth" Brown as "Gatehouse" Brown at an outdoor concert, preceding Brown's tour of Africa.

Spurney, accompanied by Councilman "Rockin' Sidney" Barthelemy, declared July 20

"Professor Longhair (or Longhorn) Day" at the World's Fair and the Fortier High School Band, sweltering in wool uniforms, performed its new arrangements of "Big Chief" and "Go To The Mardi Gras." Also performing at the ceremony were two of New Orleans' younger brass bands—ReBirth and the All-Stars.

According to Sculptor Robichaux, the bust will eventually be moved to Longhair's old

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July the Fourth marked the first annual New Sarpy Blues Festival, held at the Lone Star Camp Grounds. The above photo captures a very historic moment, just after the festival's completion. Second to the end on the left is Johnny Adams, better known as the "Tan Canary." On his left is Baron Von Dyke, former Drifter and onetime resident deejay at Mason's Las Vegas Strip. Center, looking like he just got his tax refund check, is Ernie K-Doe, who got the whole thing rolling and tossed bags of genuine diamonds to the audience. The lady lending Ernie her shoulder is Jean Knight, famed for "Mr. Big Stuff." Just next to her (in the day camp supervisor disguise) is the current president of the Kenner blues mafia, Cleon Floyd, who organized and funded the proceedings. Behind him stands Soulman Jimmy and, to his left, Zeke the Freak and the soul gang.

Toussaint Scores C.A.C. Musical

Pianist Allen Toussaint, who penned such New Orleans classics as "Mother-In-Law," "It's Raining," as well as "Java" and "Southern Nights," has written the songs for a new musical drama playing at the Contemporary Arts Center.

We Love You, William, created by actor/writer Anthony Bean, premiering at the C.A.C. August 2-5, 9-12, and 16-19, involves a black American actor in the late 1950's who finds fame and fortune in Europe under an alias with a falsified background. After ten years the expatriate decides to reveal the truth but is victimized by his money-hungry manager, who turns the actor's serious drama into a commercialized mockery. Eventually the actor returns to America to reveal the

truth about himself and to seek acceptance from his family and homeland.

Bean, a New Orleans native, began working on his story about two years ago and soon hooked up with Toussaint who had a long-standing desire to work on a musical. Toussaint wound up writing 22 new songs for *We Love You, William*.

The lead role is being portrayed by Bean, who is also directing the play. Joining Bean in the cast is Barbara Shorts of *One Mo' Time* fame as the actor's mother, along with Sandra Richards, Florence Williams, Danial Hughes, Ralph Joseph, Floyd Bean, Barbara Staff and Joseph Campo. *We Love You, William* features a chorus and dance group with choreography by Pat Sylvain of the New Orleans Contemporary Dance Company, and musical direction is by E. Diane Lyles, director of bands at Xavier University.

—Bob Cataliotti

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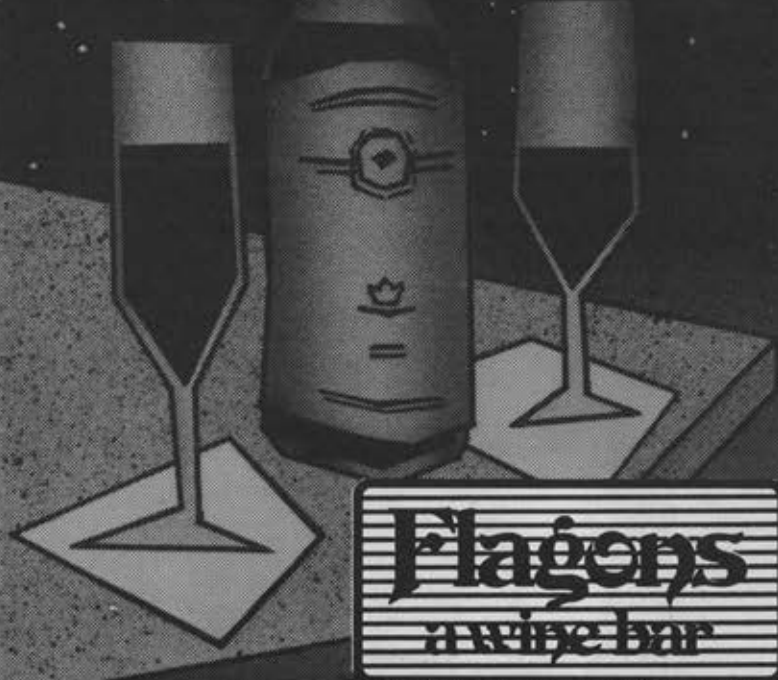
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Toussaint and Womack: 'A thousand bottles of Stroh's on the wall...'

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GOLDEN MOMENTS

ALMOST SLIM

Aaron
Tells It

DECEMBER 1966—After nearly a decade of recording excellent, but commercially indistinct singles for a variety of New Orleans labels, Aaron Neville (yes that's really him in the photo) signs with a new company, Parlo Records. Parlo was formed by Warren Parker, Red Tyler and George Davis. Aaron Neville is given a blues ballad penned by Davis and Lee Diamond. The record achieved what only one record in thousands ever does: It topped the national R&B charts during its 17-week stay in the charts and made it to number two in the pop charts. The song of course was "Tell It Like It Is," which earned a gold record soon after its release and can presently be found on the walls of Mr. Neville's Valence Street house.
—Almost Slim



Aaron Neville

LETTERS

To the Editor:

I would like to comment on Almost Slim's critique of some New Orleans musicians in 1984 Jazz Festival Review (WL 44).

He stated, "It's obvious from the number of listless, lethargic and unrehearsed sets I encountered that in many artists' minds the Jazz Festival has degenerated into another easy payday. I have no interest in sitting in the hot sun and listening to rehashes of top 40 at a festival that should have the greatest music in the world on display."

I agree with Almost Slim on this point, but I would like to offer as food for thought to the readers that I don't feel that this is entirely the musicians' fault.

Many New Orleans musicians must find it hard to keep their acts honed and inspired when they get next to no support in their own home town. Many are hired maybe only a few times a year, and then only a few people show up to see them. After a while of beating their heads against the wall, it can be expected that many will atrophy and their performances deteriorate, while others sacrifice their originality to join the ranks of generic top 40 musicians, in hopes of making a living at least.

Another case in point is the closing of Tipitina's, due in part to lack of local support for local music.

My message is this, New Orleans: You have much of the best music in the world. Support it throughout the year. Your musicians can't be expected to be that excited about it if you don't show them you're excited about them.

Remember, you don't miss the water 'til the well runs dry.

P.S. Keep up the good work, Slim; you're a good man.

—A Patron of the Arts
New Orleans

To the Editor:

Talked to you from Dallas, Tx. the other day. I was telling you about the New Orleans music scene here in Dallas. They love it.

I was born and raised in New Orleans, in the Ninth Ward and Gentilly. I learned to play music there. I started with a group called Favor and went on from there. I even played piano with Johnny Adams and Walter Washington. I left New Orleans eight years ago to play a two-week gig. I got stuck here and things began to snowball.

Since I arrived here, I have had numerous New Orleans type bands, and I wrote a song that went to #40 in *Billboard* (1982). I currently play piano and sing at a small bar in Dallas, the Greenville Bar & Grill, a New Orleans type bar—Mardi Gras posters on the wall and even red beans and gumbo (but not like my mother's).

There are also other New Orleans musicians here. Saxophonist Glen Rothstein and I do Mardi Gras shows here if we're not in New Orleans. The people go crazy for it.

Bass player Roy Dubos lives in Dallas. He plays in a jazz trio at the Sheraton Dallas.

Drummer Bobby Breaux is also in Dallas working all the best gigs.

Glen Gilbeau, a piano player and singer, works around town solid.

We are far away but we can't forget the simple pleasures we no longer can find. Like decent French bread, fresh oysters, Barq's root beer, all nite drinking and snowballs.

I say thanks to Allen Toussaint, Dr. John, the Meters, the Nevilles, Chris Kenner, Ernie K-Doe, Benny Spellman, Earl King, Henry Roeland Byrd, Fats Domino, Huey Smith, Lee Dorsey, and all New Orleans musicians who created and sang music with such longevity.

—Dennis Cavalier
Dallas, Tx.

Multiplicity



Setley Smith

Multiple Places' Duncan McCord slips across the stage between keyboards and microphone in elfin fashion; a mischievous lock of hair, waifishly drawn across his face, keeps secret his extraordinary good looks. His glance down at the audience compels them to listen and the listener quickly realizes that this is one formidable quartet.

Multiple Places is an intriguing new group. The band plays a sophisticated rock punctuated by bass player Marc Boudousquie's and drummer Rodney Rollins' "jazzy blues" rhythm section, McCord's slick keyboards, a "punchy" guitar played by Setley Smith, and McCord's and Smith's strong textured vocals. By the band's own admission, Rollins' drumming is the musical focal point. The last member to jump on the bandwagon, Rollins previously played with the reggae band Kush, and he has only recently been exposed to "new music."

The playlist is mostly original, but with a smattering of some excellent if somewhat obscure covers such as XTC's "Respectable Street," The Jam's "Ghost," Echo and the BunnyMen's "Back of Love," and Joe Jackson's "Sunday Papers." The originals touch on some vastly diverse styles. "Anything and Everything" is a romantic love ballad heavy on the harmonies, while "Circlin' Around" is a decidedly upbeat reggae rock song. The bittersweet "After The Fall" relies strongly on keyboards and synthesizer, though it is McCord's vocals that dominate here. Most of the songs are individually composed and then arranged by the entire group.

Multiple Places plan to really push the limits of Rollins' talent in the future, as well as expand with a syn-

Marc Boudousquie



ALLISON BRANDIN

thesizer. They want to experiment in every way, especially in the studio. "We won't be playing the same stuff in another year," Smith remarked.

One thing that won't change is MP's attitude about their New Orleans heritage. "We want to make use of our own culture," says Smith. The band is concerned about rejuvenating and reuniting the city's music scene. "You have to absorb your own roots before you look to other cities." McCord notes that "everything's recycled anyway and everyone always ends up looking here; it's all gonna come back here to New Orleans."

Vehemently opposed to loud music, Multiple Places searches for a new approach to sound engineering. "Our sound changes from song to song. It doesn't have to scream at you, the audience will really reach

Rodney Rollins
Duncan McCord

out and listen if it's done right." Every other aspect of the music medium is just as crucial to them. Lighting, a stage show, being entertainers, is all part of the deal. They especially look to have audience participation. "We try to bridge the gap between the band and the audience."

As far as the present is concerned, the band believes they have barely begun to tap their potential. Claiming to be a somewhat lazy and undisciplined group, they realize they have to spend more time working. Yet they also feel that some bands spend too much time rehearsing and that improvisation during a show gives them a creative edge, not to mention some unexpected sparks.

Knowing that being a band from New Orleans is only an advantage, Smith claims with sure conviction, "If you can stun people with your music here, you can stun any audience and get a job anywhere." ■

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Nouvelle Camp Street

At the corner of Camp and Julia streets, in the heart of what was once Skid Row, stands the pastel 19th-century building housing Esther's, not to be confused with two other local restaurants (in, respectively, Gentilly and Harvey) utilizing the same name. The establishment in question is owned by chef Esther Carpenter, a 30-year-old native of Natchez, and its culinary fare, served in elegant rooms designed by local architect John Chrestia, adheres to the modern *nouvelle american* mandates. Camp Street's winos of seasons past, quite content with their luncheon meat and cheap port, wouldn't recognize the place.

Between lunch and dinner one summer afternoon, the soft-spoken proprietress sipped iced-tea from a brandy snifter and graciously discussed her restaurant, somewhat nervously eyeing this writer's trusty tape-recorder.

Why did you decide to open a restaurant in this neighborhood?

I was living in Paris at the time that I heard the World's Fair was going to happen and I thought it was an exciting thing for New Orleans. It was an incentive for me to come down here and open the restaurant I've always wanted. So I started looking in this area.

I wasn't real excited about the Quarter because it's like you almost know you can make it there—it's not that much of a challenge anymore. I really thought this area seemed like it had so much going for it. Of course, that was two years ago and not too many people thought that way. In fact, a lot of people thought that I was crazy and that it would never work. But to me, it seems like the New Orleans business district has to move this way.

We're a growing city and they're locked in by the lake and the Quarter and the river on the other side, so all it has to do is spill out this way. And then there's these wonderful buildings over here, too, that just cry to be renovated. Really, after they passed that tax law that gave 25% investment tax credit on historic buildings, everyone started getting on the bandwagon. Anyway, I thought it would be a good area—an exciting, challenging place.

Were you going to school in Paris?

No, I was working there. I worked in three different restaurants when I was there.

Where did you train to be a chef?
At the Culinary Institute. It's a two-year professional school for chefs in Hyde Park, New York.

Did you also attend college?
Yes, I went to Hollins College in Virginia. I was studying art then. I don't know why I became disillu-



DIANA ROSENBERG

The quail are driving Esther crazy.

sioned with my artwork so much but gradually, somehow, food became more of a medium for me in my art than paint.

I had always cooked growing up. My daddy and I cooked together, my maid and I cooked. I was always hanging out in the kitchen. When it came time for me to get a job, it was really the only lucrative thing I knew how to do.

I started out in Baton Rouge cooking in a couple of little places. Then I worked at Chalet Brandt restaurant for a year. It's owned by a Swiss man who is a wonderful chef—real strict, real idealistic about his food. He really gave me a new picture about what food and cuisine could be, how to really do it right and what a pleasure it could be.

He urged me to go on and I asked him where I could get formal training and he suggested I go to the Culinary Institute. At the time I was going to school, I also worked in New York at the Quilted Giraffe restaurant, which serves *nouvelle cuisine*. I guess that was the best place I've ever worked in. Their ideas about food affected me more than anyone's.

And then you went to France?
I always did want to go to France because in the back of my mind, I always felt like there was a vacuum of knowledge that I didn't have. It scared me a lot. I always thought that the French people had that knowledge so I had to go see what it was. In reality, the French are sort of the same—they don't have that much more knowledge than we do.

I became convinced after living in Paris for a while that New York is the greatest city in the world for food and restaurants. I think France is the greatest place for French food. The people are very traditional and they love the French food, they love the traditional way. They don't know so much about every other type of cuisine or try to marry any of them. In Paris, you can go out and get wonderful French food but

if you feel like having real good Italian food one night or Mexican food or anything besides French food, you can't find it. In New York, you can go anywhere and eat whatever you want and the best of it.

I think the French have almost been sitting on their nettles too long and America has gotten ahead of them. We've had a revolution—a renaissance of American cooking is going on. More and more ideas are coming out. The French are still sort of sitting back.

How do you define nouvelle cuisine?

First of all, a lot of people don't understand *nouvelle cuisine*. I say *nouvelle cuisine* is the classic way of cooking without the heavier, floury sauces. There's an emphasis on shorter cooking times for meats, as well as vegetables. And there's a great emphasis on the culinary presentation of the food.

The *nouvelle american* cuisine, I think, uses the *nouvelle* techniques—the French techniques with American products and American ideas and input from more areas.

Has a New Orleans version of nouvelle cuisine developed?

Yeah! Let me see if I can think of a dish that would typify it...I make poached sweetbreads at night with a creamy lobster sauce to go over them. Then I sautee crawfish and mushrooms as a garnish. I think using local products in new and different ways with other different things that you wouldn't think about them going with is what's going on.

To take a traditional local dish like oysters Rockefeller, you could maybe sautee some fresh spinach with chopped, fresh fennel, put it in the little oyster shell and put the poached oysters in and then put a Pernod-flavored *beurre blanc* over the top. What I think of in my mind when I think of *nouvelle* food is a much cleaner taste.

Do you find that New Orleanians care more about their food than other people?

They do, I think. I haven't really been that much to the mid-states but I think if you go there, you find out people really don't eat anything like what we do. But because I'm so exposed to food and after living in New York, I sometimes think, 'Well, people here don't know anything.' But of course they do. And they're also very willing to try new things, which is nice.

Because people like to hunt a lot around here and they're used to eating venison, they'll try different, gamier items. I had wild boar and antelope on the menu last week and it went over real well.

Do you still paint?

No, I don't have the time anymore. As I was saying before, I try to really have each plate different and to create a picture on every plate. I don't always give everyone the same vegetable. Each vegetable I pick out to go with the food. Then, each person gets a design on their plate.

Does your restaurant have any Specialites de la Maison yet?

One of the things people really like I love myself—I think it is a good dish. It's an appetizer at night: baby quail with *foie gras* and brandy sauce. We completely bone-out the quail, which we do with most of our poultry—rabbits, too. Then we serve each half on a little crouton with a slice of *foie gras* on top and brandy sauce. It's served with quail eggs and looks real pretty. It tastes so good! It really does. People love it. Now we're starting to sell a million quail each week. It's driving me crazy because I have to bone them all.

DINETTE'S BEST BETS

A random sampling of diners was asked to recall the best thing they'd had to eat during the last month:

Bayard T. Whitmore, architectural historian: "It was roast duck at Boulogny but it wasn't your typical roast duck with orange sauce. The duck was rubbed with herbs and very moist. It was real good."

Lee Barnes, owner of the cooking school and gourmet shop: "Watermelon. I love watermelon and this is the time of the year to eat it."

Jim Russell, record shop owner: "A huge, baked Creole tomato out of our oven at home. Man, that's what you call refreshing! I wait every year for the moment the first strawberries arrive from Ponchatoula because I know the Creole tomatoes will be coming soon."

Syedda Nance, cashier at Omar's, "New Orleans' Famous Pie Man": "I would have to say one of Omar's apple pies because they really are the best!"

George Febres, artist: "I guess it would be the fried softshell crawfish at Sbisas—they had it as an appetizer. It was incredible!"

Renee Freeman, co-owner of Blue Willow delicatessen: "A fettuccine and vitello dish my mother made with those sweet red peppers that are so good right now." ■

Salem Spirit



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- "Glamorous Life" Sheila E. (Warner Bros.)
- "You're the Best Thing" Style Council (Geffen)
- "Waiting for Another Change" Endgame (MCA)
- "Synthesize" SSQ (EMI)
- "We're Not Gonna Take It" Twisted Sister (Atlantic)
- "Jump for My Love" Pointer Sisters (MCA)

Heavy Rotation on MTV:

- "You Might Think" Cars (Elektra)
- "Oh Sherrie" Steve Perry (Columbia)
- "Sister Christian" Night Ranger (MCA)
- "Photograph" Def Leppard (Mercury)
- "Head Over Heels" Go-Go's (ORS)
- "No Way Out" Jefferson Starship (RCA)
- "Eyes Without a Face" Billy Idol (Chrysalis)
- "Time After Time" Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
- "Jump" Van Halen (Warner Bros.)
- "Legs" ZZ Top (Warner Bros.)



On Tour

Bruce Springsteen's "Born In the USA Tour" began in St. Paul, Minnesota June 29 and headed east. Fans of The Boss will notice a new face in his E Street Band — guitarist Nils Lofgren, who replaces Miami Steve Van Zandt.

Personal Favorites

Jazz guitarist Lee Ritenour picks his five favorite guitarists (in no particular order): Wes Montgomery, John McLaughlin, Jeff Beck, Joe Pass, Eric Clapton.

Critic's Choice

Iain Blair Rides Into the Cosmos with the Moody Blues

While other legendary bands of the '60s either broke up, died, or went disco and then new wave, the Moody Blues bravely resisted such earthly changes. Admittedly, they did retire for a while, but here they are again in 1984, still playing their own inimitable brand of cosmic-rock to a packed and enthusiastic house at LA's Greek Theatre. And if anything, they actually sounded better than ever. Sure, it was mainly a trip down memory lane, but it's still an enjoyable one, and beside the minimal stripped-down approach and sound of much '80s music, the Moody's blend of pretentious lyrics, overblown arrangements, strong songs and sheer musicianship, worked like magic.

Predictably, although the veterans did include some more recent material, it

was stuff like "Nights In White Satin," "Tuesday Afternoon" and "Just A Singer In A Rock and Roll Band" that had everyone singing along and cheering wildly. The band's harmonies were as strong as ever, and Patrick Moraz's keyboard work pushed all the right buttons for the adoring crowd. If nothing else, the Moodys are true survivors, having outlived most of their critics as Ray Thomas duly noted. But they also put on a tight and enjoyable show and give their audience what they want — an evening of nostalgia run rampant.

In the Studio

Steve Miller is at Capitol Records Studios in Hollywood producing his forthcoming record. David Cole is engineering ... Engineer/producer Joe Chiccarelli has been quite busy of late. He mixed records for The Bangles and Romeo Void at Soundcastle in Hollywood, working on both projects with producer David Kahne. From here, he hopped over to Oceanway Recorders to engineer tracks for Castle Bravo. David Kershenbaum produced. Chiccarelli also turned up at the aforementioned Capitol Studios, engineering an MCA project for ex-Eagle Glenn Frey. Frey is producing this one on his own ... French singing star Stevie was at Boogie Hotel in Port Jefferson, New York completing an album for CBS International. The record was produced by Jan Mulaney and Rosetta Stone. Don Berman engineered with assistance from Jim Sparling. The Philadelphia-based band Parente were also at the studio, cutting material for Atlantic Records. Joe and Lou Parente are co-producing. Jeffrey Kawalek is engineering and Chris Isca assisting ... Kenny Rogers is using his

own studio, Lion Share Recording in Hollywood, to record his next release. Kenny will be co-producing with David Foster and David Molley. Engineering duties are being shared by Humberto Gatica, Tommy Vicari, John Guess, Larry Furgesson and Steve Schmidt. Gatica and Fource are also engineering a Julio Iglesias project at Lion Share, with producer Ramone Arcusa. Meanwhile, work continues at the studio on Donna Summer's new record, which is being produced by Michael O'Martian and engineered by Tom Fouce ... Gil Scott-Heron is at Hollywood's Crystal Sound recording with producer Malcolm Cecil. At the same studio, Howard Seigel is producing and engineering a record for Gary Myrick and studio owner/designer Andrew Berliner is completing a record



Donna Summer

for Rosemary Butler ... Bobby and the Midnighters are at Cherokee Studios in LA, recording an album with producer Jeff "Skunk" Baxter. Soap star Michael Damien ("The Young and the Restless") is cutting tracks with producer Tom Weir and engineer Brad Gilderman ... The Cruzados (formerly LA's beloved combo, The Plugz) are recording for EMI with George Tutko producing and engineering. Meanwhile the Metal assault continues at Cherokee. Ace production/engineering team Tom Werman and Geoff Workman are doing projects with Dokken and Twisted Sister, while Doug Ryder records Warrior and Brad Gilderman cuts tracks with Rex Havok.

Top of the Charts

No.	Albums	Singles
1	Born in the USA Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)	"Time After Time" Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
2	Heartbeat City The Cars (Elektra)	"The Reflex" Duran Duran (Chrysalis)
3	Nuclear Furniture Jefferson Starship (RCA)	"Heart of Rock and Roll" Huey Lewis & The News (Chrysalis)
4	Streets of Fire Soundtrack (MCA)	"Self Control" Laura Brannigan (Atlantic)
5	Camouflage Rod Stewart (Warner Bros.)	"Jump for My Love" Pointer Sisters (Planet)
6	Kihntagious Greg Kihn (Elektra)	"Dancing in the Dark" Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
7	Rebel Yell Billy Idol (Chrysalis)	"Almost Paradise" Mike Reno & Ann Wilson (Columbia)
8	Grace Under Pressure Rush (Mercury)	"Oh Sherrie" Steve Perry (Columbia)
9	Mirror Moves Psychedelic Furs (RCA)	"Tell Me I'm Not Dreaming" Jermaine & Michael Jackson (Arista)
10	Street Talk Steve Perry (Columbia)	"It's a Miracle" Culture Club (Virgin)

Courtesy of The Gavin Report, a national radio music trade journal.

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—ALBUM REVIEWS—

BILLBOARD'S RECOMMENDED LP'S—"Surprisingly strong remakes of their hits by Lee Dorsey, Jean Knight, Robert Parker, Frankie Ford, Ernie K-Doe and others."

—BILLBOARD MAGAZINE

"A record that should draw some attention to New Orleans' special role in American music is the 'THE OFFICIAL NEW ORLEANS RHYTHM & BLUES ALBUM,' 12 slightly updated versions of some of the Crescent City's biggest hits by their original artists."

—NELSON GEORGE, BILLBOARD BLACK MUSIC EDITOR

"One of the great nostalgic recordings of all time has recently been made here in New Orleans. It's also the ultimate New Orleans party album. There's enough variety in the album to satisfy a lot of different moods and when you have guests from out of town, it's a great way to remind them of how many R&B hits came out of New Orleans."

—GARY ESOLEN, GAMBIT

"...and even for those too young to remember these songs, its hard to find a tighter, more fun soul record."

—THE OAKLAND TRIBUNE, OAKLAND, CA.

"It's the sort of thing New Orleans music can do, because it doesn't depend on catching a single moment, and the execution is fine. Johnny Adams' 'I Won't Cry,' Earl King's 'Lonely, Lonely Nights,' and Bobby Mitchell's 'I'm Gonna Be a Wheel Someday' stand out, and among the biggest hits—which are tougher, because they will always be compared to the originals—'Chapel of Love,' 'Mother-in-Law' and Robert Parker's 'Barefootin'' stand out."

—DAVID HINCKLEY, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

"This one is a New Orleans' music collector's TAKE IT."

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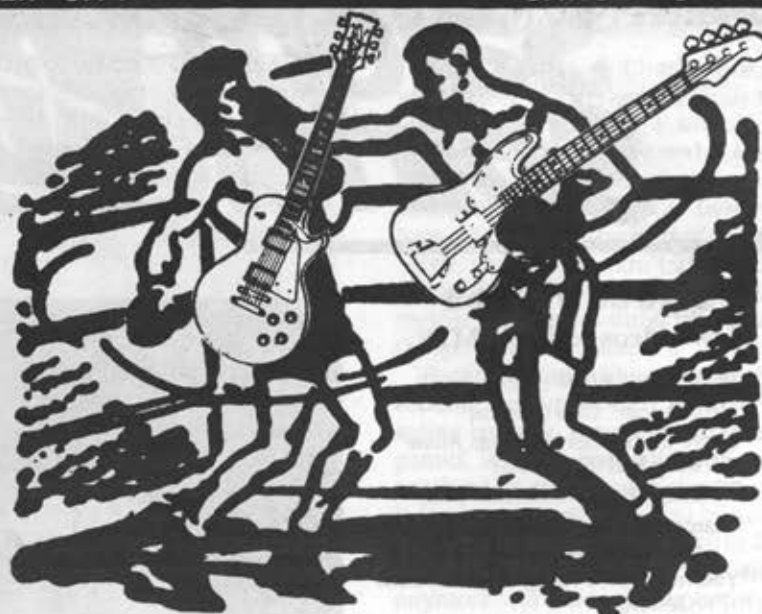
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JIMMY'S NEW MUSIC
SHOWCASE
JULY 10th & 11th
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The first New Music Showcase held at Jimmy's Club was an experimental and eventful ordeal. With two of New Orleans' most locally aimed music mediums chipping in to help shoulder the responsibility of pulling this thing off, *Wavelength* and 13-Q Radio fostered Jimmy Anselmo's most recent brain child—The New Music Showcase "Show-down."

The showcase featured ten not very well known local bands for two consecutive nights. Five bands each night competed for the audience's favor, which in turn should win them the grand prize of studio time at Gilbert Hetherwick's Grouse House Studios.

The general idea was that patrons received a voting ballot upon their initial entry and would stay to hear five mini-sets from the five competing bands and then select their favorite and cast their vote. The ballots would be counted after all bands had played and the winner would be determined by total number of votes received, the most votes wins.

How an individual chooses his or her favorite band, whether through appreciation of its talent or by personal association, the understated purpose of the showdown was to help the fans decide which of these new and not so well known local bands would be worth a return patronage.

13-Q's Terry Knight, "The Dapper Rapper," and Bumper "Bump In The Night" Morgan were on hand for professional introductions, and were the interchangeable M.C.'s. John Tobler of Popstart did a great job of overseeing the set changes and seemed to have mastered the art of coercive cooperation.

TUESDAY, JULY 10: Final

Academy had the tough job of opening up the competition, having been randomly selected to play first. There were not too many people there for the beginning of the first night of The New Music Showcase, but the group gave a brave and respectable effort at winning the favor of their small, but interested audience. They played all original music with a twist of Echo and the Bunnymen and The Cure, among others, to produce what's dubbed "psychedelic samba." A gallant performance with promise.

The Press, with one member called out of town, had to cancel.

The Hands started ahead of their schedule, thanks to The Press, and presented a lively and entertaining show, complete with a good sense of professionalism in terms of respecting their audience's (which was growing by that time) intelligence—they didn't push it. The Hands performed uptempo music with familiar influences like The Police and a welcome new musical ingredient—violin as performed by Susan Volz.

Next up was The Crowd, a four-member band with what seemed to be a low profile. They did their set with only one cover and seemed to have a strong R.E.M. influence. However, not much audience response was noted. Theirs was the off-center performance of the evening....

The Rogues closed the evening's competition with various covers, make-overs and audience participation. Their vocalist did admirable mimicry of several music personalities. The Rogues looked as if they were enjoying themselves on stage—and had a flurry of followers to back them up.

The first evening's judging revealed Louisiana know-how politics. Not to discredit the winner, but in all fairness to those who earnestly competed musically, an addendum is most appropriate. The one time, rigid, one-ballot-per-person theory slipped through the cracks as various forms of feelers groped into the bag containing the official ballots when the officiator was not paying attention. The results of this popularity contest (or whose fans could snatch

and stuff the most slips) was The Crowd. ("I thought The Rogues won!" said Logan Crowe of The Crowd a few days after the show.) Surely, fans from other bands were expecting a different return for their unscrupulous support.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11: With ballots now under strict and close scrutiny, the second night's competition drew a much larger crowd, practically double the amount of people from the previous night (a welcomed return for Jimmy's efforts). Popstart kicked in with their own brand of lighthearted pop music and originals. Again, a tough break provided the first of five bands for the night. They played graciously and were genuinely pleased with their meager audience response (the first couple of sets of the evening suffered the impact of a slow but steady increase in patronage).

Following Popstart's mini-set was the band Loose Change. They carried themselves well on stage and presented us with some decent vocals and some more covers.

The Numbers came up and did their set. There are only three members in The Numbers. They were not very energetic on stage and their low-lights performance provided a break from the pop music and served as a good conductor in to the next sets. Another nearsighted R.E.M. influence seemed to be generated.

Vital Functions seemed heartfelt and determined on stage. Theirs was a good performance with an all-around good attitude under the lights and nice vocals from lead singer Anne Levingston. The band really kicked up its heels on a few songs and seemed to be a likely contender for the lead.

Last but not least, Multiple Places took to the stage. Immediately a fine drum sound from Rodney Rollins commanded your attention and set down the band's jurisdiction—prestige none of the previous competitors enjoyed. Couple the beat you can't beat with the band's high energy level and lead singer Duncan McCord's infectious playfulness and, most appropriately, fairly, justly and in reality you have our winner of the second night's competition—Multiple Places.

Jimmy Anselmo was pleased with the show of interest The New Music Showcase generated and is presently arranging to run the competition again this month on August 14 and 15. Bands tentatively committed to the arena are The Socials, Frozen Tears, Union Chant, The Cruisers, Taken, the Dino Kruse Band, Nuclear Choir and The Press.

All in all, the price is right and the bands genuinely want the exposure. It's a good way to judge for yourself which of the new, unrecognizable names on the telephone poles are worth their graffitic descriptions. ■

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RARE RECORD

Ronnie & The Delinquents
'Bad Neighborhood'
JC 1000

Here's a rocker from 1959, the first of only two issues on JC Records, a subsidiary of Ace. There never actually was a group called Ronnie and the Delinquents, as Ronnie Barron and Mac Rebennack accounted for most of this record's instrumentation. Barron played acoustic piano and Rebennack the guitar on the basic track and then they overdubbed Barron playing drums and Rebennack on electric piano.

Barron grew up in Algiers, learning to play piano around the Orchid Club where Professor Longhair appeared on occasion. In 1958 he met Mac Rebennack, who was just establishing himself as a songwriter and recording artist. Together they formed the Skyliners to back Frankie Ford on the road and to work dances around town. Initially Barron was groomed as a successor to Ace's other teen idols, Ford and Clanton, but his style proved too rough for the public weaned on Avalon and Fabian. Barron and Rebennack remained cohorts until

ALMOST SLIM



after the latter had launched his Dr. John career.

Back to the record, it's a treat from beginning to end. Mac gets some real Ray Charles-like riffs rolling on the electric piano and the vocal interplay between "the Delinquents" rivals the best rock 'n' roll patter of the Coasters or the Clowns. What really makes this one is the wild overdubs of pinball machines, police sirens, and eight balls dropping into the side pocket! This one was reissued on Dr. John's Ace LP ten years ago, but sadly it too has gone out of print.

—Almost Slim

REVIEWS

The Neville Brothers
NEVILLE-IZATION
Black Top 1031

It's hard to believe the last time I reviewed a new Neville Brothers album was way back in the pages of the old *Figaro*. As I recall I offered cautious praise for the *Fiyo on the Bayou* LP that appeared on A&M, but in retrospect, I should have been more critical of the production-laden rehashes of old Meters tunes. Since that last release more than three years ago, the Nevilles' rumor-mill had had the Brothers as close to their next major record deal as the New Orleans sports pages have the Saints to the playoffs. One month the Rolling Stones were going to take the group under their wing. Then MCA was going to spare no expense to produce a record album that would change the world. Then Atlantic was in the picture, then RCA. Well after all these years we've finally got something tangible with the Nevilles' name on it.

The major question I've overheard about the two previous LPs has been, "Why don't they sound like they do when they play live?" This album should put those criticisms to rest as it was recorded live at Tipitina's in September 1982. For my money, this is by far the best representation of the Nevilles yet, as the group is in great form throughout.

There are no surprises really if you've ever heard the Nevilles live, as this LP represents a typical Nevilles set. Things get started on the right foot with "Fever," with everyone getting some good vocal licks in. Aaron pretty much steals

the thunder for the rest of side one, singing his signature tunes, "Woman's Gotta Have It" and of course, "Tell It Like It Is." He sound so much better with just the sparse accompaniment of a few instruments. It is my opinion that his voice is really an instrument and in the past producers have erred by surrounding him by with orchestras, harpsichords, string sections, etc. Compare "Tell it Like It Is" delivered here almost acapella style with "Mona Lisa" from the last LP to see what I mean. Next Art Neville takes over on the Neville warhorse, "Mojo Hannah," but then really outdoes himself on "Why You Wanna Hurt My Heart," for my money the LP's classiest track.

"Fear, Hate, Envy, Jealousy" starts off the flip side with Art and Cyril swapping snappy vocals. Charles throws in a musical change-of-pace by taking the instrumental lead on Duke Ellington's "Caravan." Cyril closes things out with a funk-up version of "Big Chief" and the side closes with the reflective "Africa," recalling the past glories of the Meters.

Now that Tipitina's is no longer with us, suddenly this album means so much more, as the Nevilles were practically synonymous with the club. I hate to sound overly reflective, but it seems that we might just have witnessed the passing of an era, but that's another subject. The only bitch I have here is that Ivan Neville was relegated to the role of sideman, but then his day will come soon. First-class packaging and generous playing time (nearly 42 minutes) makes this one an album to get now.

—Almost Slim

AFRICAN MUSIC

Vertigo 814 480-1 (*The Netherlands*)

L'AFRIQUE DANSE NO.2

African 360.002 (*France*)

When I was a young boy, the White Citizens Council used to hand out leaflets on Canal Street warning concerned parents about the dangers of allowing their children to listen to "savage African music," a practice that the W.C.C. had determined would eventually lead to the destruction of our republic. The sort of Africans the Council had in mind were probably Wilson Pickett and James Brown but the idea is the same: wild-eyed Mau-Mau tribesmen with electric guitars could sweep right in, trampling down the sober precincts of dignity with their bare feet and stealing people's daughters in the night. Pretty soon, these Mau-Mau punks would be wanting to drink out of the same water-fountains.

Anyway, I can see why James Brown would've freaked-out the White Citizens Council but the matter of music direct from the African continent is another story. Be it the shouts of a witch doctor goading the evil spirits from a patient's body ("Giriama Spirit Dance," on *Africa: Witchcraft and Ritual Music*, Nonesuch H-72066) or a Cameroonian's musical tribute to Seattle's most famous guitarist (Vincent N'Guini's "Ode To Hendrix," on *Assalam Aleikoum Africa, Volume One*, (Antilles AN-7032), African music is dignified, graceful stuff. Savagery—tonal or otherwise—is just not very common. Africans, on the whole, are *polite* musicians.

The roll call of musicians featured on the Dutch "African Music" compilation (11 tracks from 1971-1982, mostly Nigerian in origin) reads like the guest list at an aristocratic dinner: Sir Victor Uwaifo & His Melody Maestros, Gentleman Mike Eje-gha & His Premier Dance Band, Chief Stephen Osita Osadebe & His Nigeria Sound Makers International, Dr. Victor Olaiya & His International Stars Band, Cardinal Rex Lawson & His Majors Band of Nigeria, Prince Nico Mbarga & His New Rocafil Jazz, Celestine Ukwu

& His Philosophers National. Martha Ulaeto, apparently a commoner without title, contributes the album's most contemporary track, "Ndito Isong Emanu Nyin." Ms. Ulaeto's voice resembles Minnie Ripperton's, even Toni "The Big Hurt" Fisher's. Most of the other selections on the disc resemble the sounds that were popular in Havana's nightclubs before the Revolution: African percussion, sleazy horns, rumba rhythms.

Victor Uwaifo, dropping the "Sir" part of his name momentarily and recording with the Titibitis (well, not *all* Africans are polite!), promises "Five Days A Week Love" via a competent reggae rhythm and English lyrics—nothing to spar with Kingstonian toasters and boasters, though. Dr. Victor Olaiya, not to be confused with Uwaifo, is the album's brightest star. His cuts include the Satchmo-meets-Bo-Diddley "Ewa" and "Mo Fe Mu'Yan," which moves like a wounded elephant. Dr. Olaiya does some blissfully nasty muted trumpeting near the song's conclusion.

"L'Afrique Danse No.2" was first released in 1966 and is primarily a collection of Tabu Ley Rochereau's early hits (including "Mokolo Nakokufa," "Likala Ya Moto" and "Savon Omo"), plus numbers from Jean Bokelo's *Orchestre Conga Succes*, *Orchestre Los Angel* ("Retroussons Les Manches") and a Duane Eddy-style guitarist, Damoiseau-Papa Noel.

The music is lilting—almost too sweet sometimes. And then this incredible uncredited saxophonist comes honking and snorting out of nowhere, saving the Franco-Afro day. The real reason they put this one out in France, I'll bet, is because the cover photograph is so great: a smiling African girl in a print dress with tribal scars on her cheeks and a name (hers? her boyfriend's?) tattooed across her arm. She's holding a platter of bananas and her hair's been twisted into eleven thin dreadlocks. In the blurry distance is one of those thatched-roofed French resorts where everyone wears loincloths and you pay for your cocktails with plastic beads.

—Bunny Matthews

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The Makers of Cajun Music

Musiciens cadiens et créoles

Text by BARRY JEAN ANCELET
Photographs by ELEMORE MORGAN, JR.
Foreword by RALPH RINZLER

The first book of its kind, *The Makers of Cajun Music* presents lively and authoritative portraits of the most popular Cajun and Creole musicians today. Included are ballad singers and old-time fiddlers, masters of zydeco and members of modern dance bands—the performers who, in their own words, tell of the soul of the Cajun heartland—its music.

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(It's not that I'm old; it's just that I've been here a long time.)

Last year I had the pleasure of interviewing John Broven whose *South To Louisiana* stands as a landmark book in the development of literature on Cajun music. "How could an Englishman write such a comprehensive book on Louisiana music?" I asked him. "I'm a fan," he replied, "a very curious fan, and I honestly don't know why someone from down here didn't write this story before me!"

Mr. Broven will be happy to learn that scheduled for publication this month is a new book from the University of Texas Press by a Louisiana author that is destined to become a landmark oral history in its own right. *The Makers of Cajun Music* by Barry Jean Ancelet is possibly the most intimate view many of us will ever get into the aesthetic, lifestyle, and philosophy of Cajun "roots" musicians and their younger contemporaries. Ancelet achieves such intimacy by allowing the musicians to speak in their own colorful dialect and then translating "to represent the simplicity, clarity, and dignity of the original French statements." Ancelet covers subjects from the original, prototypical folk artists like Dennis McGee and

Lula Landry, up through successors like Don Montoucet and Clifton Chenier, to those younger musicians who carry the banner of tradition most proudly such as Michael Doucet and Zachary Richard.

The Makers of Cajun Music also contains a number of eloquent photographs by painter Elmore Morgan, Jr. While Morgan's pictures have admittedly been "tempered with the need of the folklorist to record and illustrate," they often manage to show us the pride and spirit of these strong-willed people. The foreword by Ralph Rinzler of the Smithsonian Institute and Ancelet's own history-packed introduction provide a wealth of insight into the cultural climate and tradition from which this music came. —rico

Born in 1893, Dennis McGee is the dean of Cajun fiddlers. He has been playing for over seventy-five years, most of those with his brother-in-law Sady Courville. Their twin fiddling style goes back to Cajun music before the accordion, when reels and contredanses, mazurkas and cotillions were standard fare.

"When I was growing up, people danced to reels. They stopped dancing reels when I was young. They continued to dance contredanses throughout my courting days. When I was just beginning to court, they had stopped dancing reels but still danced contredanses. The reel was a dif-

ficult dance and it took good legs. You had to jump around quite a bit. But the contredanse wasn't difficult. You just had to turn around, making little steps while you turned.

"I would love to be twenty years old again. I would want to take over the country. I would want to play and sing so well that everyone would come to me."

—Dennis McGee

Folks who know Dennis often say, "When they made him, they threw away the mold...and thank God!" His personality, his talent, and now his age allow him a great degree of eccentricity, which he relishes whether performing before a folk festival audience or fishing alone in his favorite bayou.

Dennis learned to play from his father, grandfather, uncles, and neighbors in l'Anse des Rougeaux, near Eunice. His childhood was steeped in fiddle tunes.

"My father played the fiddle, my father-in-law played, and I had an uncle who played the fiddle. My father's name was John McGee and my uncle's name was Ulysse McGee. He played left-handed. Almost all of the McGees were fiddlers. Oscar McGee played the fiddle, too. He was a good musician. He was a son of Joseph McGee, who also played the fiddle.

"My father died a long time ago. And even then, a long time before he died, he had quit playing the fiddle because he got shot in the arm and

he couldn't turn it to hold the fiddle. I was about fourteen or fifteen years old when he got shot, but I used to hear him play tunes before, when I was a young boy. And his daddy played most of the same tunes before him."

—Dennis McGee

By the time Cajun music was first recorded commercially, in 1928, Dennis and Sady were already firmly established musicians in their community. Their first recordings were among the earliest 78s released in South Louisiana. The chance to record was a result of talent, luck, and "who you knew," much like the situation today, but the budding recording industry had not yet defined details such as royalties and rights.

"There was an old man in the community who was always promoting different things. First of all, he got us to go to Shreveport to broadcast on the radio. Old man Marks. He was a sort of leader, you know? He did a lot for the Boy Scouts and different things. So he asked Dennis and me to go to Shreveport. That was the classiest radio station around here outside of New Orleans. So we went over there and broadcasted and we came back over here. That was about 1927. When we came back he asked this man that I was working with if he thought we would like to make some records. You see, Joe Falcon had just come out with an accordion record. He made the first Cajun accordion number. He said, "I wonder if Dennis and Sady would go and make some records." That was the old 78s at that time. So Fruge asked me and I asked Dennis. He had said, "They would pay all your expenses, you know. And I had this old fiddle here. I had it in a flour sack. I didn't even have a case for it. So we got on a train here one morning and went to New Orleans, somewhere in the French Quarter on the second floor, and we made those records. We made about eight or ten of them. Ten tunes, five records."

—Sady Courville

Like many Cajun musicians, Sady and Dennis quit playing music for long periods of their lives while working in the fields, establishing businesses, and raising families.

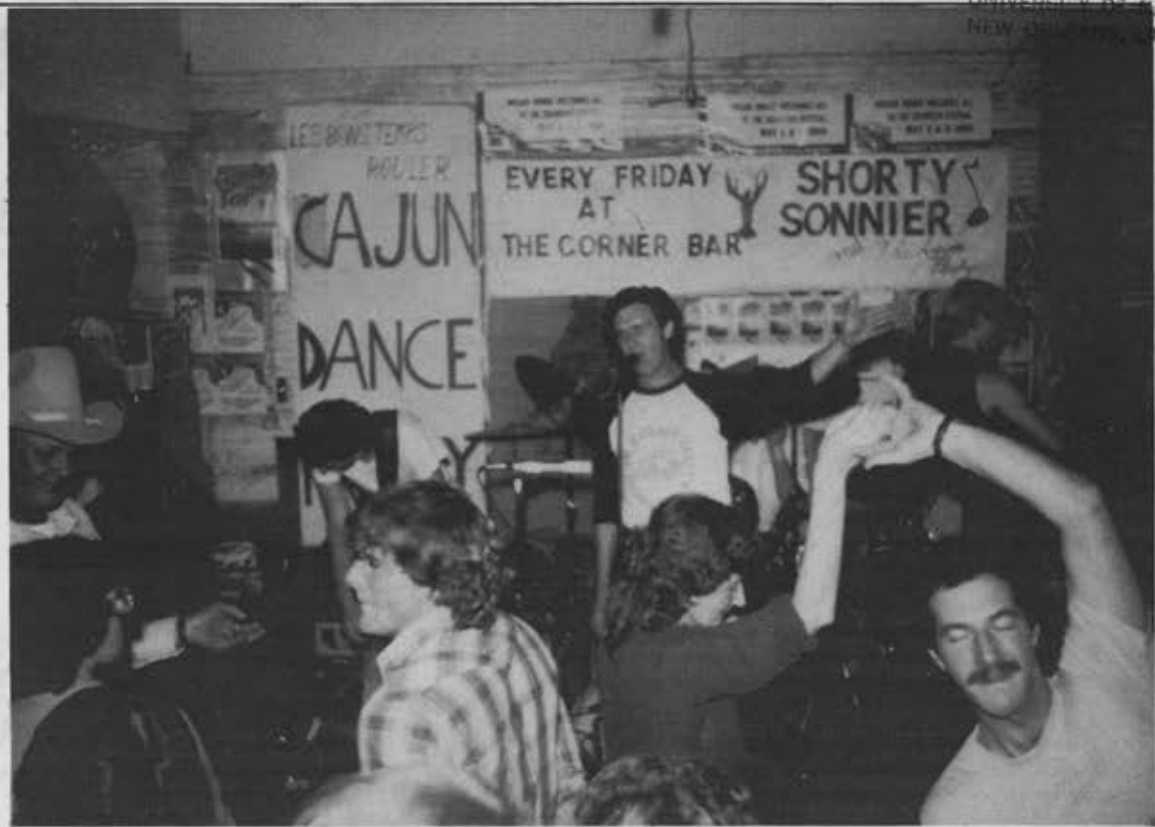
"When I stopped playing music, I stayed a long time without playing again. I don't know why, I was just tired of all that. I didn't enjoy playing any more. I worked in the fields. I couldn't work hard in the fields and play all night. Then I decided I was tired of that and I started playing the fiddle again. That's when I started playing with Amede Ardoin and Angelas Lejeune and Arnest Fruge. I played with both accordion players. Angelas and Arnest and I played together as a trio. When I played with Amede, we played just the two of us. I played right with him. Whatever he played, I played. He was the singer and while he sang, I played the melody. But I had quit playing for twenty years, when I started again with Sady and Amede and Angelas."

—Dennis McGee



Both men eventually came to Eunice after farming in the countryside nearby. Sady worked as a salesman for a furniture store and eventually opened his own, Courville's Furniture Store. Dennis went back and forth between barbering and farming, finally opening his own one-chair barber shop in the front room of his house in Eunice.

"I became a barber two or three different times in my life. I cut hair in Chataignier for a while. Then I went to work in Welsh with Tony Hebert. Then I came here to Eunice to work with Debusson Manuel. His son still has a barber shop at the Liberty Theater. I worked for a while with him, and then I opened a shop of my own in my house. My wife said, "I'll give you a room for you to open a shop." She took out all the furniture, and



I bought myself a barber chair. I bought a mirror. I bought a razor, clippers...I bought everything I needed. And I started making a pretty good living. I made good money, and people liked me because I cut hair well. I had learned from some good barbers. I charged a dollar twenty-five. Others charged a dollar and half, and boy, they were mad at me because I didn't charge as much. But I followed the law. I charged according to the rules. I didn't charge any lower, but I didn't charge any higher either."

—Dennis McGee



With his move to town, Dennis put the musician's life aside, but only for a while. He eventually began playing again with Sady, Angelas Lejeune, and the legendary black Creole accordion player, Amede Ardoin, who profoundly influenced Dennis's music. Amede and Dennis played regularly together for black and white dances and made several records between 1928 and 1932, despite the strict segregationist climate of the times.

"Amede and I worked together. We worked for the same people. We were both sharecroppers. He played the accordion and I played the fiddle. And the boss liked music, so at night he would have us get together to play some. I would play the fiddle and Amede would play the accordion and we would both sing. Oscar Comeaux was the boss's name. He lived in Choupique. He really liked our music. That's when Amede and I started playing together. We kept on playing together after that. Every once in a while, we would play for a dance in the neighborhood. Then when Oscar went broke and quit farming, Amede left to come live in Eunice and I came to live here too. We started playing all over the area. We would go as far as old Mr. Leleux's dance hall in Bayou Queue de Tortue. And for Dumas Herpin. We brought so many people to Dumas's place that they climbed up on the little fence they had to protect the musicians from the crowd and they broke it. They came rolling in like balls. It was really funny to see. The people wanted to come to us. We were making good music in those days. I sang well and played the fiddle well, and Amede played and sang well, too. Joe Falcon came to dance to our music. And we'd play just us two, fiddle and accordion. Sometimes we had Petit Negre Shexnayder to play with us."

—Dennis McGee



For years now, Dennis and Sady have been among the last bearers of their venerable tradition, keepers of the oldest tunes and styles. They have influenced many of the fiddlers active in Cajun music directly or indirectly, including Dewey Balfa and Michael Doucet. In recognition of his contribution as a musician, teacher, and living archive, the University of Southwestern Louisiana recently named Dennis McGee Honorary Dean of Cajun Music. He has learned to appreciate his own rich tradition and sprinkles his performances, whether at home for visitors or at festivals, with the kind of full-bodied flavor that comes only with age.

Adieu, Rosa.

Merci demain, c'est pas dimanche.

Adieu, Rosa.

Merci Bon Dieu t'es pas ma femme.

Jure, my Lord!

[*"Adieu Rosa,"* traditional, as performed by Dennis McGee, (*La Vieille Musique acadienne*, Swallow 6030; © Flat Town Music) (BMI)]

Goodbye, Rosa.

Thanks tomorrow is not Sunday.

Goodbye, Rosa.

Thank God you're not my wife.

I swear, my Lord!

"There was a fellow named Doxie Manuel who lived at Pointe aux Tigres who also played old-time fiddle. He never wore shoes and his feet were really long. He stomped his foot on the floor to keep time when he played and, thunderation, you could hear him, fiddle and foot, a mile away. He was one of the best of the old musicians.

"I play one song called 'Guilbeau Pelloquin's Waltz.' It comes from the Old War, that one. He played that tune on his own tomb, just before being shot by a firing squad. Guilbeau Pelloquin. He asked his captain to let him play one tune on his fiddle before dying. He sat down on his coffin and played that tune. When he finished, they shot him and buried him.

"Nobody knows how to play these tunes any more. My daddy used to play them and Sady's daddy and his uncle. But now, I'm the one who keeps the tunes. Sometimes I feel lonely in my music."

—Dennis McGee ■

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BAR EXAM

By Bunny Matthews

THE GREAT NEW ORLEANS BAR

You don't have to cover much territory to find a great bar in New Orleans—usually, it's only a matter of a few steps in one direction or another. Section 545 of the City Code prohibits taverns within 300 feet of churches, schools, playgrounds and public libraries but otherwise any building with a roof can be a bar. And any 18-year-old with a police record free of felonies can secure a permit to sell alcohol.

While the state of Louisiana is renowned as "Sportsmen's Paradise," the city of New Orleans has long been celebrated as a sort of "Alcoholic's Paradise." The cocktail was invented here—presumably because the early settlers could conceive of no other way to survive the intolerable climate and the native insects. Before the Civil War, white New Orleans males, upon reaching the age of 14 or 15, were presented with a stiff drink and a mulatto concubine. All the mysteries of life, reasoned the fathers of the day, could be solved through immersion in alcohol and lust. Reconstruction brought an end to the concubinage and then the *serious* drinking began. New Orleans has seldom been sober since.

A city so devoted to drinking naturally requires estimable watering holes—perhaps the finest such facilities in the world. Let other, less civilized cities lay claim to economic booms, low crime rates, and the sublimity of modern architecture. We are not ashamed to be the slugs of capitalism. It does not particularly bother us when a fellow inhabitant chops his roommate into small pieces, which he then douses with meat-tenderizer for home consumption. Our architectural concerns inspire the installation of woodgrained aluminum siding, designed to combat imaginary home-wrecking beasts who seems to be the by-product of a cartoonist's bout with delirium tremens.

What we know about here, what we are ready to joust with lances over (on the Chalmette Battlefield or the parking lot of Schwegmann's Annunciation Street store, if need be) is bars. We are a fairly loose race hereabouts, a people philosophical in nature. The issue of bars, however, is passionate turf—the realm of rigid, unalterable ideas.

Despite the recent invasion of what one might call "Texas-ized" bars—chic bistros built of glass bricks and furnished with Italian chairs and vases of red anthera—the true "New Orleans-style" bar does not appear to be waning in popularity.

How does the casual observer locate these great temples of local culture and inebriation? There are basically 10 hallmarks of the great New Orleans bar:

1. The bar's windows are painted black with the bar's name in gold lettering, centered between logos for Regal or any other brand of beer that is no longer brewed.

2. The bar's interior walls are coated with swirls of aged plaster, tinted yellowish-brown from cigarette smoke. In the truly great places, nicotine slowly drips from the ceiling to the linoleum floor.

3. A stuffed fish, also stained from smoke and nicotine, hangs above the cash-register. Other decorations might include a platter, usually manufactured in Brazil, of butterfly wings pressed behind glass; framed photographs of former New Orleans Saints; 3-D pictures of Persian kittens and the

crucifixion of Jesus; a Rigid Tools calendar; crinkled pin-ups of Candy "The 7th, 8th and 9th Wonders of the World Together!" Samples; a poster advertising bus rides to Angola (most often seen in great *black* New Orleans bars); a selection of bounced checks; and a Zulu coconut, half-covered with fuzzy green mold.

4. Plants, if any, are plastic and dusty.

5. The jukebox favors Louis Prima, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Styx. It is barely audible.

6. The barmaid is a woman of indeterminate age (between 40 and 90) with a dirty mouth and a blonde wig, worn slightly askew. Her arms are bruised.

7. Besides the usual alcoholic beverages, the bar sells pickled eggs, clip-on sunglasses, antifreeze and Zero candy bars.

8. There is at least one customer, wearing a baseball cap, who has *never* left the bar. His days are spent examining his cuticles and mumbling quietly.

9. The bar's regular patrons all attended parochial school together. They are suspicious and contemptuous of any man who drives a foreign car.

10. No one goes to this bar to meet people or to arrange sexual liaisons. No one goes "to have a good time." People go to the great New Orleans bar to get drunk.



kangaroo

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BAR

One of the big bar hits of the summer is Sheila's, a "Down Under" facility located on the Fulton Street Mall at the World's Fair. Its most notable feature (and a not particularly attractive one) is a 14-foot-high kangaroo, carved from Louisiana cypress by a man with a chainsaw (better used for massacres rather than art, the critic reckons). The live entertainment includes appearances by the Neville Brothers and manager Col Joye says Sheila's will continue to operate *apres* the Louisiana World Exposition.



THE GREAT GOSPEL BAR

Ordinarily, one can hear gospel music at Municipal Auditorium or in church. The New Storyville Jazz Hall, 1104 Decatur Street, not only presents live gospel music (on Sunday afternoons) but also the wonderful Placide Adams and his Dixieland Hall Jazz Band. There are church pews for seating, waitresses in black fishnet tights (don't wanna get *too* religious!), a reasonable cover charge (\$2) and children are welcome. The jazz gets more progressive and/or obtuse after Midnight.



THE GREAT CAR BAR

Considering the long-standing popularity of Impalas and Bel-Airs and Sting Rays and Z-28's in this area, Chevy's at the corner of Tchoupitoulas and Lafayette should fare well. The dancefloor is reputed to be the largest in the city and the musical policy (taped or live) is still a matter of experimentation. An actual Chevy is part of the interior decor although this is no Big Deal compared to the late Crash Landing in Metairie, which was built around an airplane—and not a pint-sized Cessna, either.

THE GREAT IRISH BAR

Ryan's 500 Pub, at the corner of Bourbon and St. Louis, aims to move the Irish Channel downtown. The barman, Turlough Faolain (author of *Blood On The Harp: Irish Rebel History in Ballad*), slow-drips a "proper pint" of Guinness in the customary Irish manner—a procedure that requires a good five minutes of dripping. Danny Doyle and Butch Moore, who battle each other for supremacy of the Irish record charts, have both performed at Ryan's and every Sunday afternoon at 3, there's a *ceili*—Gaelic for "dance-gathering."



St. Patrick on the rampage.

THE GREAT NEW ORLEANS DRINK

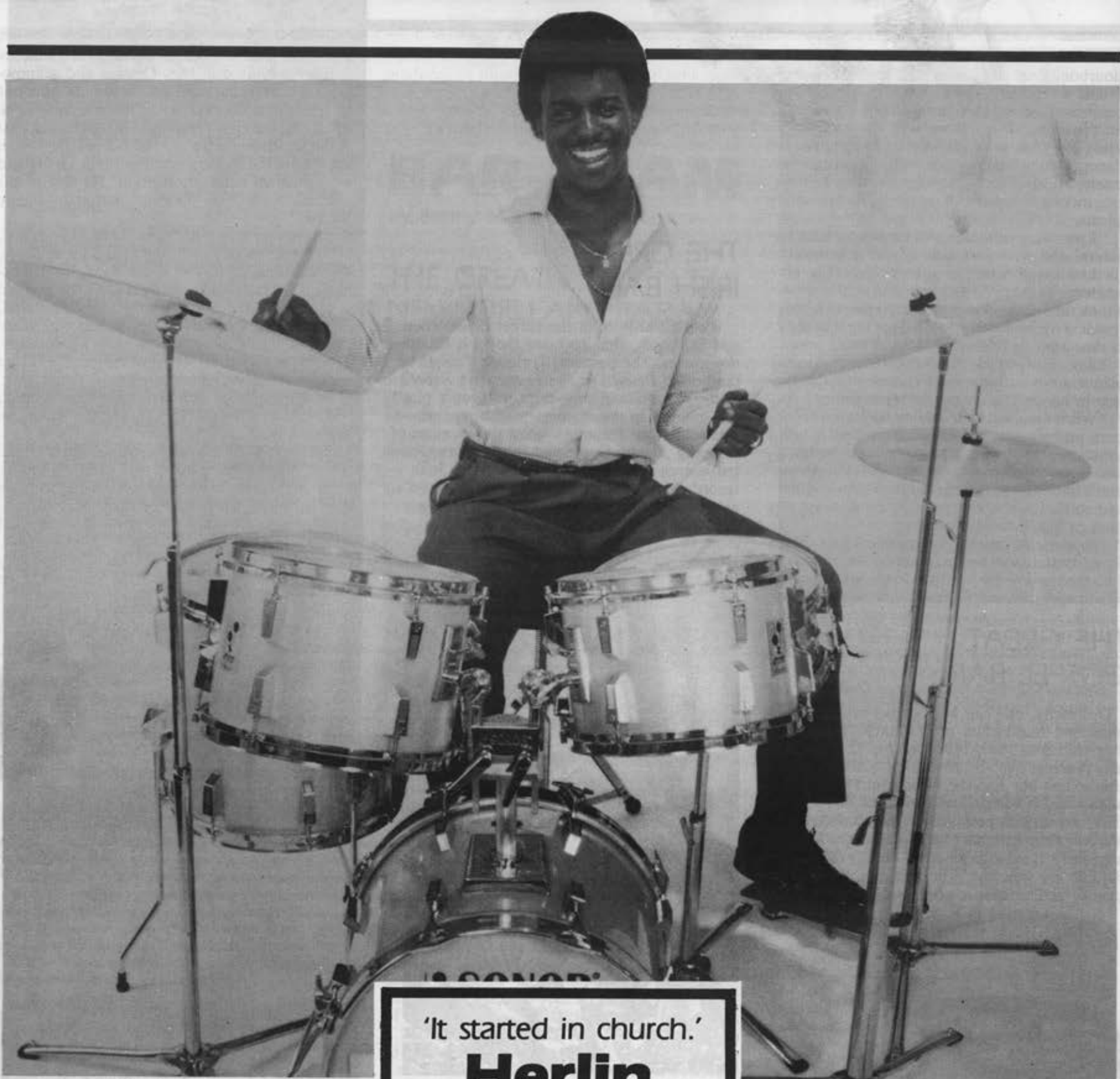
Adam Theriot of the Sazerac Bar at the Fairmont Hotel concocts a Ramos Gin Fizz.

1. 1 tablespoon powdered sugar
2. 3 dashes egg white
3. 3 dashes lemon juice and 3 dashes lime juice
4. 2 dashes orange flower water
5. 1 oz. Booth's Old Tom gin
6. 3 oz. milk
7. Add ice
8. Shake

"That's the Ramos Gin Fizz. That's one of the greatest drinks in New Orleans...the most famous drink of the city. It made the hotel famous. It made the whole city famous."



DIANA ROSENBERG



'It started in church.'

Herlin Riley Keeps Time

By Bob Cataliotti

Whether he's laying down a funky blues shuffle in *One Mo' Time* or exploring the far-out realm of free jazz with Ramsey McLean and the Lifers, drummer Herlin Riley Jr. keeps a fire cooking under a band.

One of the young lions to emerge from the New Orleans music scene in recent years, at 27 Riley's reputation as a top-notch percussionist is reaching beyond his hometown to the far-flung corners of the jazz world. The diverse experiences of developing in the Crescent City have prepared Riley to handle many different musical challenges.

"I feel very fortunate coming from these surroundings whereby you have a chance to hear so many different kinds of music," said Riley during a conversation at his Lower Ninth Ward home. "New Orleans being a 'little big place,' everybody knows each other and all the musicians around town are like a family. It gives you a chance to play and be exposed to different kinds of music. Everybody's doing something different.

"There are so many people here who never even considered themselves musicians," he continued, "but still have this certain flair and feel and knack for making music."

Riley's roots run deep in New Orleans music. He is a member of the Lastie family which has produced many fantastic musical artists [his mom, Betty Ann, is a gospel-influenced singer].

"It started in church: that's where I got it, everything comes out of the church for me. My grandfather [Deacon Frank Lastie] is a drummer. He played with Louis Armstrong around 1918. My uncles were musicians, my mother plays piano and sings gospel music," said Riley, "so the gospel influence comes, naturally, out of the church. My jazz influence comes from my uncles because they had rehearsals at my grandparents' house and I was always there.

"They exposed me to jazz and R&B and as I got older and started maturing and studying music a little bit I started being exposed to other facets of music," Riley continued. "Each one was equally fascinating to me to learn and try to master."

The emphasis on family tradition is an integral part of the music that comes from New Orleans, and is in many ways responsible for the musical magic created here.

"A family is *a family*, it's a unit," said Riley. "It's like putting some liquid Jell-O into a bowl and sitting it in the refrigerator and watching it come together. This is how we've been all our lives. We were raised together, we all went to church together. We prayed together, ate together, slept together. That bond is unmatched. How can you match the bond between a brother and sister, mother and son?"

The Lasties had a family band, A Taste of New Orleans, which still plays occasionally, and Riley played trumpet in the group. He studied trumpet formally until he was 18. Although he always could drum naturally, he became a full-time drummer almost by a fluke.

Working as a trumpeter in a burlesque show on Bourbon Street as a teenager, Riley took over the drums when the band's regular drummer quit because it was easier to break in a new trumpeter into the act. Having been with the band for a while, Riley already knew where to accentuate the dancer's bumps and grinds with the various percussive effects. From that point on, Riley kept getting more and more jobs requiring his drumming talents.

"I was very fortunate and blessed to have the natural ability to just kind of put together the rhythms that I heard, coordinate myself to play whatever I heard," Riley explained. "Of course it took time to develop myself to be steady without speeding up or slowing down. That takes time but as time went on I developed and so far so good."

Riley considers his five-years-plus working in pianist Johnny Bachemin's trio as an important step in his development as a percussionist.

"When I worked with Johnny Bachemin I really came into my own as a drummer because in a trio situation every tub stands on its own bottom," said Riley. "You don't have horns to lean on, you don't have a whole lot of synthesizers or guitars and stuff. It's not very loud where you can just kind of hide behind the noise."

"In a trio situation, playing in a small club," Riley continued, "I learned to play with brushes, I learned to use my mallets. I learned to play, I would say, with a little taste, how to play dynamically, soft and loud. Besides that, this guy was a great showman and I watched him and he taught me a lot about how to sell yourself from the stage."

Eventually Riley hooked up with *One Mo' Time* and toured Australia and London, including a performance for Queen Elizabeth II. He also worked a regular gig with trumpeter Al Hirt.

"Al Hirt, boy, yes sir, I worked with old Jum-

bo, yeah," said Riley with a big grin. "He's a live wire, a real character. I worked with Al for about a year. It was a lot of fun. He's a phenomenal musician. He's a great technician. When it comes to technique, he knows his horn and can get over his horn very well."

Last year, the *coup de grace* to Riley's blossoming career came when he received a call from trumpeter Emory Thompson informing him that pianist Ahmad Jamal wanted to hire him for his famed trio.

"Emory called about 8 a.m. and said, 'Hey, Herlin, Ahmad Jamal needs you.' I said, 'What, this is eight in the morning, come on, man, this is not the time for fooling around.' Can you imagine somebody waking you up out of your sleep telling you that one of the world's greatest piano players would like you to work in his band? Emory said, 'No, I'm serious, he really would like you to work with him.'"

That same night Riley was on the bandstand with Jamal in Phoenix, Arizona, and remained with the pianist for eight months. Riley recorded an album with Jamal, which is due for release, and plans on going back on the road with the trio later this year.

So Riley joins the ranks of young New Orleans musicians, like the Marsalis brothers, Kent Jordan, Terence Blanchard and Donald Harrison, who have been knocking jazz artists and audiences out nationally. He takes pride in being among this group of players who are showing people what powerful talent is being nurtured in New Orleans.

"I don't have the exposure that these other guys do but I still feel that I'm being heard and I have a chance, which is more than a lot of people around here can say," said Riley. "I really have to take my hats off to those guys, they're excellent musicians."

Young musicians like Riley and his contemporaries

hold great respect for the musical traditions that have evolved in New Orleans and acknowledge a debt to the older cats who took time out to pass along this heritage. Riley remembers one of his first traveling experiences in which clarinetist Alvin Batiste, an artist in residence at Riley's high school, took a 16-piece band to Philadelphia and won a school band competition. He also recalls working with New Orleans patriarch Danny Barker.

"Danny took us kids, about 14 or 15 years old, myself and people like Tuba Fats and Leroy Jones, and put together this Fairview Band," Riley explained. "That's when I really began to be exposed to the old style of music, like the Twenties' sound, playing choke cymbals and press roll type snare drums. I got that from Danny, he's a great man. He took time with us kids and shared things that today we use and appreciate."

With young musicians like Herlin Riley around, there is certainly a bright future for American music.

"What I think of is making music. I don't think of just playing the drums," said Riley. "I'm sensitive to the people who are around me, who are playing music with me because I want to contribute to the cause and the cause is to make good music."

"To me, music is a universal language, it's organized sound and silence. I never want to be stereotyped into anything. I didn't want just to be a jazz drummer or rock drummer or just play 1920s music. I wanted to play it all and still do," concluded Riley. "I still have as much pleasure playing '20s music as I do 1985 free jazz, funk whatever. It's all music and it's all joyful to me, it's all happiness. It's all about giving out happy feelings, whatever the mood is. That's what is important. And that you make someone else happy as well."

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VERY CLOSE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

Almost Continental Slim

Our resident blues scholar takes a field trip to Europe, where New Orleans music is more popular than it is in New Orleans.

Over the past three years it has become common for European musicologists to visit these shores and report on American blues and rhythm 'n' blues music. At times their thirst for information is seemingly insatiable. Books have been written and magazines founded just to report on their findings. Well, a recent vacation across the ocean allowed me to put the shoe on the other foot. I can't be certain, but this might well have been the first rhythm 'n' blues field trip taken to European soil by a visiting North American journalist.

Not surprisingly, American music is quite popular in Europe. New Orleans music in fact is probably more popular there than it is in New Orleans. Hardly a fortnight goes by without a new reissue emerging from the vaults of one of the past purveyors of New Orleans R&B or another obscure jazz session is unearthed and in the racks. There seems to be no lack of live R&B either—there are plenty of “revival” bands, as they're called, and a steady stream of visiting American musicians.

I'd heard that Dr. John was appearing in Europe during my visit and was delighted to see a full slate of club dates for him around London for the duration of our stay. Also it looked as if jazzman Slim Gaillard (one half of Slim and Slam) had taken up permanent residence, as he was playing three or four nights a week around town.

I was interested in hearing some of the British bands I'd recently heard on wax, namely the Mickey Jupp Band, Red Beans and Rice, the Chevalier Brothers, the Electric Bluebirds and particularly Diz and the Doormen, who were also backing Dr. John on a series of engagements. The main outlet for live R&B seemed to be the smaller clubs like Dingwalls, Dublin Castle, the Mean Fiddler, the Half Moon and the 100 Club. It seemed that any evening of the week there was something of interest to investigate at one of the clubs.

Eventually I succumbed to jet lag just before the pubs reopened (London pubs are open only between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. and 11 p.m.), so I was forced to contain my evening activities. Next morning, however, we were off after a spot of tea and a croissant to meet Ted Carroll at Ace Records.

To those of you not familiar with Ace, it is one of the major reissuers of blues, rockabilly, rock 'n' roll, country, and of course New Orleans R&B. They have four volumes of *The Ace Story* out, plus LPs by Earl King, Frankie Ford, Ronnie Baron, Fats Domino and Huey Smith. We'd just missed a red beans and rice party in honor of their



American companies are now willing to lease vintage R&B masters to Europeans for much less than what you'd imagine.

one hundredth album, by Huey “Piano” Smith and the Clowns, but Ted took time out from a busy day to “show off the place.” Ace had just signed a deal to lease Specialty masters for release in Europe and that was the major project at the moment. I'd been commissioned via the mails to supply liner notes and photos for a Guitar Slim disc (sans the overdubs!), which I handed over forthwith. Ace had also received a stack of wild vintage photos of Little Richard for a future release, as well as ultra rare color slides of Elmore James from 1959!

Ace had also just leased an excellent recent session by our own Frankie Ford with a polished British band backing, Johnny and the Roccas. After exchanging tapes, the latest record business gossip, and what's so-and-so doing, we planned to meet that evening at an Italian restaurant to do more of the same.

Over linguini and white wine, Ted continued to fill me in on the British record and live music scene. The British are really leaving no stones uncovered when it comes to reissuing vintage R&B sides. American companies that hold the rights to this material are more than willing to lease masters to Europeans for much less than what you'd imagine. The break-even point for a company like Ace is 3,000 LPs; if they do 5,000 they definitely

have a hit and any more is what we would call *lagniappe*. So far for Ace their biggest sellers have been surprises, as both a George Jones rockabilly collection and an Arthur Alexander greatest hits package have become modest best sellers. Ted Carroll also plans a trip to Texas and Louisiana to have another go at the Starday and Ace catalogs quite soon, so watch out.

The next morning I went around the London “specialist” record shops, finding a number of items unavailable in America. By far the best shop I encountered was Dobell's on Tower Street, in the West End. The blues section is managed by Les Fancourt, who recently compiled the excellent *Chess Blues Discography*. If in London stop by because Les can fill the visitor in on upcoming gigs and the latest LPs from all corners of the globe.

For jazz aficionados, no trip to London would be complete without a visit to Ray's jazz shop on Shaftesbury Avenue. Not only is their selection of recent LPs unmatched, but they carry a wide variety of out-of-print albums as well as 78s.

One note about English record shops. As in some American cities, the rack contain only covers. If you want to purchase an album, you take the cover to the desk and ask them to give you the actual disc. Records aren't unnecessarily steep unless you're looking to buy an American issue. English LPs retail for around \$7, while French and Scandinavian LPs are approximately \$1.50 more. I picked up a Bobby Charles collection on English Chess, a Snooks Eaglin collection of Imperial singles on Sundown and a couple of old Storyville discs I'd long since lost.

All of the specialist shops are well-stocked with corresponding reading material. I picked up some excellent magazines including *Picking The Blues*, *Roll Street Journal*, *Blues Unlimited*, *New Kotion*, and *New Backbeat*. Even the biggest pizza chain in England, *Pizza Express*, prints its own music magazine, *Jazz Express*. Just about all of them are excellent and worth picking up.

We were also pointed in the direction of the Scala Cinema Club on Pentonville Road that had an excellent array of avant garde films. We caught the rock 'n' roll triple feature showing *Rock Rock Rock*, *Go Johnny Go* and *The Girl Can't Help It*.

Rock Rock Rock was one of those Allen Freed quickies from '56. It would have been completely forgettable if it weren't for cameos of Chuck Berry (motorvatin' on “You Can't Catch Me”), Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers (“I'm Not A Juvenile Delinquent”) and the Flamingoes.

Much better was *Go Johnny Go* (1958) starring

Slim ordered rounds of bitters in a London pub and stomped his foot to Dr. John's fierce guitar.

Baton Rouge pretty boy Jimmy Clanton and Chuck Berry. Clanton acted and sang well, especially on Dr. John's "Ship On A Stormy Sea" and Earl King's "My Love Is Strong." But for my money the dance routines staged by the Cadillacs and the incredibly young Jackie Wilson stole the show. The final feature was the cult movie, *The Girl Can't Help It*, featuring Jayne Mansfield. Of course the real star was Little Richard, who performed the title tune from the top of a grand piano, upstaging even Jerry Lee Lewis.

The next evening, it was across the Thames to the Half Moon in Putney, to meet the renowned British bluesologist John Broven and to see our own Dr. John in concert. Thankfully, our host thought ahead and bought a round of tickets, as the show had been sold out for weeks, and I was quick to see why. Music at the Half Moon is presented in a "board room" behind the actual pub that looked to be about as big as a Size 14 Nike shoe box. Really it couldn't have been more than 100' x 100' and nearly 400 tickets were sold for the show. The room was so "proper" looking that one could well imagine cigar-puffing aristocrats once using the room to plot the expansion of the empire.

Inside, the room was packed and the air was thick with acrid cigarette smoke. It could have easily been Tipitina's on a July night, especially when someone in a Maple Leaf Bar t-shirt spilled his Guinness on my foot. The opening act was a competent London group that played competent versions of "Mardi Gras Mambo" and "The Rock and Roll Boogie-Woogie."

During the short intermission, we were introduced to the rest of Mr. Broven's party, including photographer Paul Harris, whose photos helped to grace Broven's book, *South To Louisiana*, and Mr. and Mrs. John Parre. Although we'd never met before we'd actually crossed paths with the Parres before as they had visited New Orleans and attended the same Bobby "Blue" Bland recitals we had. That put us on common ground and we traded colorful stories concerning the likes of McKinley Mitchell and Bobby Rush. Mrs. Parre, incidentally, is popster Nick Lowe's sister, and a big fan of R&B, who catches all the touring acts.

Dr. John's set was to begin at 9 p.m. because like all London pubs, the Half Moon had to close at 11 p.m. His end of the show started agreeably with a version of "Iko Iko," with the same opening band providing the accompaniment. Dr. John stuck to the hits pretty much, but it became apparent that the band was rather ill rehearsed and after about 30 minutes we were forced to find solace at the front bar once the set began falling apart.

However we still visited our man backstage after the evening's performance. Dr. John looked in good spirits as he explained he's just begun a month's worth of English shows to coincide with the release of a new album on the Spendthrift label. We also discussed trying to bring some of the "New Orleans warhorses" over to England and his latest record. We agreed to meet before tomorrow evening's gig, with Diz and the Doorman at the Mean Fiddler, where he promised to "really be on." After bidding adieu to John Broven and promising to visit him in the South of England a few days later, we caught the "tube" back to London proper.

As it turned out, Dr. John did sound leagues better with Diz and the Doorman the next evening. But first a few notes on Diz. I was introduced to Diz and the Doorman via their great album, *Blue Coat Man* (Ace 54) which is nothing but unadulterated, foot-stomping, over-the-top New Orleans R&B. Diz even started a collection to buy a plaque to honor Professor Longhair which, if I'm not mistaken, serves as his grave marker. Actually I ran into Diz completely by accident at Dobell's Record Shop earlier in the week when he asked about the availability of Smiley Lewis albums. Surely only one man in England sports a massive handlebar moustache, a clams and blues t-shirt,



Charly's John Luc Young says that many of the American record companies don't have the initiative to dig into their vaults.

a Professor Longhair button and asks about Smiley Lewis records. It had to be Diz!

Diz's full name is Diz Watson, and he was born 36 years ago in South Africa. His father was in the merchant marine and often brought American records home by the likes of Fats Domino and Jack Dupree, which Diz attempted to copy. He recalls the first piece he learned to play was "Honky Tonk Train" by Albert Ammons.

He was first introduced to Professor Longhair through the Atlantic reissue album in the early Seventies and from Dr. John's *Gumbo*. As he explained, "there was no turning back after that." From then on he played with scores of R&B groups around London, sharpening his technique. In 1979, he actually got to meet Longhair, when he visited New Orleans and followed him around town. Besides Longhair, he also listens closely to James Booker, Tuts Washington, Eddie Boyd and Otis Spann.

The Doorman got their names early on, when they used to perform in bellhop uniforms, purchased from an old theatre! Today's version of the Doorman consists of Pete Scott, a fine bassist, Kieran O'Connor, an incredibly adept second line drummer, and Tommy Utor ("the gunvor") on congas and miscellaneous percussion. Diz explained that even though his dates with Dr. John

were lucrative, most of the solo London dates barely paid the rent. If he wanted to make real money he has to play in Scandinavia. Amazingly, Diz plays around Sarasota, Florida, for about a month once a year to escape the British winter. He hopes to be able to visit New Orleans again, perhaps to play the New Orleans Jazz Festival.

Meanwhile back to the Mean Fiddler. When Dr. John showed up back stage he was in obvious good spirits. We discussed the relative merits of cricket while Tommy, Diz's conga player—a West Indian, and a proper looking English gentleman that served as Dr. John's manager, got into a heated discussion over a recent British-West Indian test match. Dr. John and myself came to the conclusion the game made no sense, especially to New Orleanians. From there the subject switched to the demise of boxer Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini and to the upcoming Wimbledon tennis tournament. As the Doorman filed out on stage, Dr. John terminated the haggling by declaring, "Sure, McEnroe is good but he'll never be able to play guitar like Guitar Slim!"

Well, Diz sounded superb pounding through a set that included "Mardi Gras In New Orleans," "Messaround," and "Somebody Done Changed the Lock On the Door." When it came time for Dr. John, he, too, was ready. Taking Diz's spot behind the piano he launched into many of the same tunes from the night before but with much more fire and determination. When he switched to guitar, and Diz returned to the piano, the sparks really began to fly throughout the ten-minute rendition of Earl King's "Let The Good Times Roll." It was hard to tell who was having more fun, the people on the dance floor screaming for more or the band. For myself, I've grown accustomed to Dr. John's solo piano opuses of late, and actually forgot how well he can play the guitar. Even I found myself stomping my foot and ordering rounds of bitter for everyone! After bidding adieu and promising to write everyone once I got back to New Orleans, I left with one of my most pleasurable memories of the trip.

Next day I was off for a visit to Charly Records, probably the world's largest and most successful purveyor of reissue recordings. Presently Charly has the rights to Sun, SSS, Atlantic, Sansu, Goldband, Vee Jay, Jewel and a number of other important US labels for European packaging. (They have LPs by Earl King, Irma Thomas, Huey Smith and the Meters in their catalogs.) Charly's patron, John Luc Young, was gracious enough to show me around and discuss his label's success. Charly started small in the early Seventies, and got lucky early in the game, when a couple of 1960's rockabilly tracks that they leased actually became British top 10 hits. They negotiated for rights to the Sun catalog and found success reissuing classic sides by Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Howlin' Wolf and many more. From there they've broadened their horizons and now are beginning to release priceless Atlantic sides from the likes of Ray Charles, Joe Turner, Chuck Willis and more. Young explained that many of the American record companies don't have the initiative to dig back into their vaults or they just don't realize the potential. Also some have grown so big they would lose money if they released something that sold less than 30,000 copies.

Continued on page 28



TED NUGENT brings his lean, mean rock 'n' roll machine to the Amphitheatre at the World's Fair on August 31.



'CIRCLES OF THE WORLD: TRADITIONAL ART OF THE PLAINS INDIANS' is on view at the New Orleans Museum of Art through September 9.

LOUISIANA WORLD EXPOSITION

Amphitheatre: (All shows at 8:00 unless otherwise stated). Thurs.2: Tom Jones, twice at 7:30 and 10:30. Fri.3: Jesse Colter and Waylon Jennings. Sat.4: Charlie Pride and George Strait at 7:30. Sun.5: George Jones and the Jones Boys, with John Anderson. Thurs.9 and Fri.10: Willie Nelson. Wed.15: Andy Gibb. Thurs.16: Peter Allen. (These two gentlemen appear as part of Australian week at the Fair—collared lizards and bush-people get in for half price). Fri.17: Neil Sedaka. Sat.18: the Greg Kihn Band. Wed.22: Air Supply at 7:30. Fri.24: Gladys Knight and the Pips. Sun.26: Luther Vandross. Tues.28: James Taylor and Randy Newman at 7:30. Wed.29: The Fixx and Randy Fraser. Thurs.30: Larry Gatlin and the Gatlin Brothers. Fri.31: Ted Nugent (and it's not true, as reported earlier, that the Nuge will release 32 tarpon-sized piranhas into the Muddy Mississippi as his grand finale).

Artworks '84: in the Convention Center/Great Hall. Through Nov.11, every Thursday at 7: the music video, *Bus Wash*.

The Cave in the Winery: 569-5071. Entertainment nightly, mostly rockabilly; live bands Wednesdays through Saturdays, from 10; no cover.

Coronet Stage: Convention Center, next to TV6; call 566-2687 for information.

Folklife Pavilion: 566-2318. Aug.6-12, Texas Week, with the ageless Sippi (*I'm A Mighty Tight Woman*) Wallace, Bill Neely, Phil Menard Cajun Band and Robert Shaw. Aug.13-19: Chuck Nation and the River Valley Boys. Tentative: Don Montecet and Lionel LeLeux. Aug.20-16: Troy DeRamus and Fred Beavers. Aug.27-31: Walter Mouton Cajun Band.

I've Known Rivers: 596-4090. Aug.1: The Martin Luther King Center for Non-Violent Social Change Salute Day; Mrs. Coretta Scott King, scheduled for guest appearance; live music noon to 4. Aug.2: City of Atlanta Salute Day; Andrew Young scheduled for guest appearance; Greater Institutional Methodist Church Choir from Chicago, 4; People's United Methodist Church Choir, 8. Aug.3: The National Conference of Black Mayors Salute Day. Aug.4: WYLD Radio Salute Day. Aug.5: Liberty Bank Salute Day; New Zion Baptist Church Choir, 4. Aug.12: Marcia Batiste Dancers, noon; Alvin Batiste Quartet, 4; poetess Edith Batiste, 7.

Jazz and Gospel Tent: Wed.1 and Thurs.2: Irma Thomas. Fri.3 and Sat.4: the Houston Summer Jazz Workshop All Stars, Bas Clas, Ernie K-Doe. Mon.6-Thurs.9: King Floyd with Oliver and the Rockettes. Wed.8-Fri.10: Mr. Google Eyes and King Floyd. Fri.10-Sat.11: The Neville Brothers. Fri.17-Sat.18: The Sheiks. Wed.22-Sat.25: Clarence Gatemouth Brown.

Miller Beer Garden: 569-5160. Through Aug.31: Due Austrian Boys, evenings; through Nov.11, Tiroler Jodler Stitzbaum, days.

Reunion Hall: Call for Pete Fountain's schedule, 569-5108. Wed.1: George French, noon; Herb Tassin, 7:30. Thurs.2: George French, noon; Banu Gibson, 3; Herb Tassin, 7:30. Fri.3: Banu Gibson, 3; Herb Tassin, 6; Irma Thomas, 11:30. Sat.4: Chuck Credo, 10 a.m.; Herb Tassin, 7:30. Sun.5: George French, noon; Banu Gibson, 3; Jubilation, 7:30. Mon.6: George French, noon; Jubilation, 7:30. Tues.7: George French, noon; Jubilation, 7:30. Wed.8: George French, noon; Herb Tassin, 7:30. Thurs.9: George French, noon; Banu Gibson, 3; Herb Tassin, 7; The Sheiks, 11:30. Fri.10: Banu Gibson, 3; Herb Tassin, 6; Irma Thomas, 11:30. Sat.11: Chuck Credo, 10 a.m.; Herb Tassin, 6; the Neville Brothers, 11:30. Sun.12: George French, noon; Banu Gibson, 3; Jubilation, 7:30. Mon.13: George French, noon; Jubilation, 7:30. Tues.14: George French, noon; Jubilation, 7:30. Wed.15: George French, noon; Herb Tassin, 7:30. Thurs.16: George French, 2:30; Banu Gibson, 3; Herb Tassin, 7:30. Fri.17: Banu Gibson, 3; Herb Tassin, 6; Ir-

ma Thomas, 11:30. Sat.18: Chuck Credo, 10 a.m.; Herb Tassin, 7:30. Sun.19: George French, noon; Banu Gibson, 3; Jubilation, 7:30. Mon.20: George French, noon; Jubilation, 7:30. Tues.21: George French, noon; Jubilation, 7:30. Wed.22: George French, noon; Herb Tassin, 7:30. Thurs.23: George French, noon; Banu Gibson, 3; Herb Tassin, 7:30. Fri.24: Banu Gibson, 3; Herb Tassin, 6; Irma Thomas, 11:30. Sat.25: Chuck Credo, 10 a.m.; Herb Tassin, 6; The Sheiks, 11:30. Sun.26: George French, noon; Banu Gibson, 3; Jubilation, 7:30. Mon.27: George French, noon; Jubilation, 7:30. Tues.28: George French, noon; Jubilation, 7:30. Wed.29: George French, noon; Herb Tassin, 7:30. Thurs.30: George French, noon; Banu Gibson, 3; Herb Tassin, 7:30. Fri.31: Banu Gibson, 3; Herb Tassin, 6; Irma Thomas, 11:30.

Sheila's On Fulton Street: 569-5025. Mondays: The Sheiks. Tuesdays: The Newsboys. Wed.1: Exuma. Wed.8 and 15: The Nevilles. Wed.22: Innovation. Wed.29: The White Animals. Shows 10:30.

CONCERTS

Wednesday, 1

Eat to the Beat, featuring Faux Pas. Noon; Tulane University Pool Patio; information at 865-5141.

Wednesday, 8

Happy Together, a confection to bring back the dawn of psychedelia and garage-band heaven (the American reaction to temporary British aggrandizement of popular music and fashion being to immure the collective consciousness in drugs and deeper into a spurious and suicidal bit of foreign policy)—yes, those wonderful Lyndon Johnson years. The participants are the Turtles (one of whom, Howard Kaylan, once married my cousin but that's another story), the Association, Gary Puckett and the Union Gap, Spanky and Our Gang; the Saenger; TicketMaster—and like the rides at the fair, due to static electricity those with pacemakers will be proscribed from attending, though ear-trumpets and walkers will no doubt be available, along with dry sherry and soft snacks in the lobby.

Saturday, 11, Sunday, 12

Sylvia Pergilly, electronic music and laser projections; Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5488. \$2.

Wednesday, 15

Al Stewart, Steamer President. 10 p.m.

Friday, 17

Dead Kennedys, an all-age concert, no alcohol, Sterno, lighter fluid, Tichenors, O.J.'s, cans of Pam or Ronsonol; I guess some people just don't feel they've had their props if they can't take a gander at Jello Biafra (mayor of San Francisco but never even mentioned as a possible running mate for Mondale) in the flesh. Tipitina's; 8:30.

Sunday, 19

Duran Duran in concert from ABC Spotlight in NYC; WQUE AM (1280), 10:30 p.m. Don't even have to leave the house, just sit at home by the Orthoponic with a can of Streaks 'n' Tips and a rat-tail comb.

Wednesday, 22

Billy Idol, (tentative), the man who has plugged George Franju's *Les Yeux sans Visage* to millions who never even heard of Franju or Alida Valli or Pierre Brasseur; Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum. Information at 895-0601.

Saturday, 25

Dennis Williams and Kashif, Saenger, 8 p.m. TicketMaster.

The Cold, Steamer President. 10 p.m.

Sunday, 26

The Source; Twisted Sister, in concert, WQUE AM (1280) 10:30.

Tuesday, 28

Flestones; Echo and the Bunnymen, Steamer President. 10 p.m.

CONCERT SERIES

French Market Concerts, 3 to 5 p.m. Sat.4: Tommy Yetta's New Orleans Jazz Band. Sun.5: Ted Riley's Royal Brass Band. Sat.11: Layton Marten's Spirit of New Orleans. Sun.12: the ageless Chester Zardis. Sat.18: Frank Federico. Sun.19: Fish-tail Stompers (is this Eddie Volker going Dixieland?). Sat.25: Scott Hill's French Market Jazz Band. Sun.26: Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band.

WWNO, Jazz Alive, every Saturday night from 10 until 12. Sat.4: Anthony Davis, Charlie Rouse and Richard Davis in interpretations of Thelonious Monk, from Columbia U. Sat.11: Ella Fitzgerald and the Chicago Swing All-Stars from 1981 at the Chicago Jazz Fest of that year. Sat.18: the incomparable Eddie (*That's Why You're Overweight*) Harris, Archie Shepp and Jimmy Smith at the 1981 Chicago Festival. Sat.25: Count Basie, Joe Williams and Harry "Sweets" Edison at the 1981 Chicago Festival. Wednesdays at 10:30: Placide Adams' *Second Line*, traditional and progressive jazz. Thursdays at 10:30: *Musician's Hour*, music and mouth from various N.O. musicians.

RANDOM DIVERSIONS

1984 Mr. and Mrs. AAU Southern America Body Building Championship, Steamer President, May 18; ought to be something, especially if composed of husband and wife teams, though the only ones we can think of in the mad world of flesh-as-sculpture are M. et Mme. Serge Nubret, two hunks of Africana.

Tiptina's Rent Party, Sun. Aug.12, 4. Check your weapons at the door, be sure to pay your quarter, burn your leather on the floor, grab anybody's daughter; live music, Brazilian *targas*, Dixie beer, watermelon, surprise guests, door prizes (should you want to take a door home). \$3.

FESTIVALS

Wednesday, 1-Sept.2

Kinder Sauce Piquante and Music Festival, That some long festival, yeh. Information from Rick Clark, Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 853, Kinder 70648; (318) 738-5336.

Saturday, 11, Sunday, 12

Lafitte Seafood Festival, Information from Maria Otero, Jean Lafitte City Hall, P.O. Box 501, Lafitte, 70067; (504) 689-2221.

Original Red Beans and Rice Festival, Lafreniere Park, Metairie; tentative. Information from Clare Martin, 301 Tolmas Drive, Metairie 70002; 454-6687.

Wednesday-Sunday, 15-19

Delacambre Shrimp Festival, Delacambre, in which tribute is paid to these crackerjack crustaceans, lake and river, brown and white. Information from Jacqueline Toups, 712 Main Street, Delacambre 70528; (318) 685-2653.

OUT OF TOWN

Aug.9-11

4th Annual Kansas City Blues Festival, with Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, Bo Diddley, The Wild Magnolias, fashion-plate-hot-mama Katie Webster, Benjamin Stables, The Grand Emporium, Lone Star, Johnny Copeland, Chick Willis, Harling's Fernest Arceneaux and The Thunders, among others; contact Kansas City Blues Society, P.O. Box 32131, K.C. MO 64111.

Aug.5-12

Reggae Sunsplash Festival '84, Montego Bay, Jamaica; Yellow Man, Freddie McGreggor, Third World, Mutabaruka, hordes of others; information from Gul-

liver's Travel Agency, Mamie Hillary, 525-4108.

LIVE MUSIC

Andrew Jaeger's, 7605 Maple St., 861-0683. Nightly save Mondays, and from 8 until midnight save Sundays (6-10), Al Farrell, formerly of The Counts, at the pianer. Okay, okay, it used to be Hillary's.

Augie's Delago, West End Park. Wed.1 and Thurs.2: Goodwave. Fri.3 through Mon.5: Penny Lane. Tues.7: The Distractions. Wed.8, Thurs.9: TBA. Fri.10 through Sun.12: The Clique. Tues.14: The Lemmings, preparatory one guesses to their annual end-of-summer mass suicide. Wed.15, Thurs.16: Rainstreet. Fri.17 through Sun.19: Generics. Tues.21: TBA. Wed.22, Thurs.23: If. Call the club for the balance of the month's bookings.

Beau Geste, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Sunday through Thurs.: Larry Janca at 8. Fridays and Saturdays: Take Five at 10.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Wed.1 through Tues.7: Albert King. Wed.8-Tues.14: Lenny White. Wed.15 through Tues.21: the Kenny Burrell Trio. After that, the B.R. will be closed for renovation through Sept.11. Reservations.

Bronco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 368-1000. Mondays and Wednesdays—Saturdays, Mississippi South.

Cajun Country, 327 Bourbon, 523-8630. Thursday through Sunday, the Gela Kaye Band at 8. Mondays through Wednesdays: Mike Casico.

Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow. Tues.7: Greg "Fingers" Taylor (the nickname "Fingers" always strikes me funny, although it is appropriate for pianists or pickpockets, since big hands are usually funny and creepy at the same time, be they Ichabod Crane's or Sigourney Weaver's). Sat.11: Johnny J and the Hitmen. Sat.25: The Uptights.

Columns Hotel, 3811 St. Charles, 899-9308. Wednesdays: Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band from 8 (horn charts by Neil Nolan).

Dorothy's Medallion, 3232 Orleans. Snake-dancing, examples of *adiposa dolorosa* in motion for Botero-eyed girl watchers, and Fridays and Saturdays, Johnny Adams and Walter Washington with the House Band.

Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen. Mondays: Continental Drifters with Johnny Magnie and free red beans and rice. Fri.3: The Radiators with *chansons facon du chef*. Sat.4: Mason Ruffner, the Panhandle Panic. Fri.10: J.D. and the Jammers. Sat.11: The Radiators. Fri.17: J.D. and the Jammers. Sat.18: Allison and the Distractions. Fri.24 and Sat.25: MoJo Bone (the house band from the Lone Star Cafe in New York, which is about the size of Frenchmen Street itself). Fri.31: The Newsboys ("Journalism largely consists in saying 'Lord Jones Dead to people who never knew Lord Jones was alive.'"—G.K. Chesterton). Sat.Sept.1: The Radiators.

1801 Club, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9670. Wednesdays through Saturdays: Janet Lynn and Ya Ya.

Fads, 1100 S. Clearview Pkwy., 734-0590. Live music Mondays, but you can do the cotton-eyed-joe almost any time here.

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays, Judy Duggan occupies the piano bench from 9 to 1. Sundays and Mondays: Pat Mitchell at the same hours, and again during the week from 5 to 7.

Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 362-0598. Wednesdays and Sundays: Nifty Fiftys. Thursdays-Saturdays: Jimmy Simon and Groove.

544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings. CMS from 9 to 9 Fridays through Sundays and from 9 to 3 other evenings.

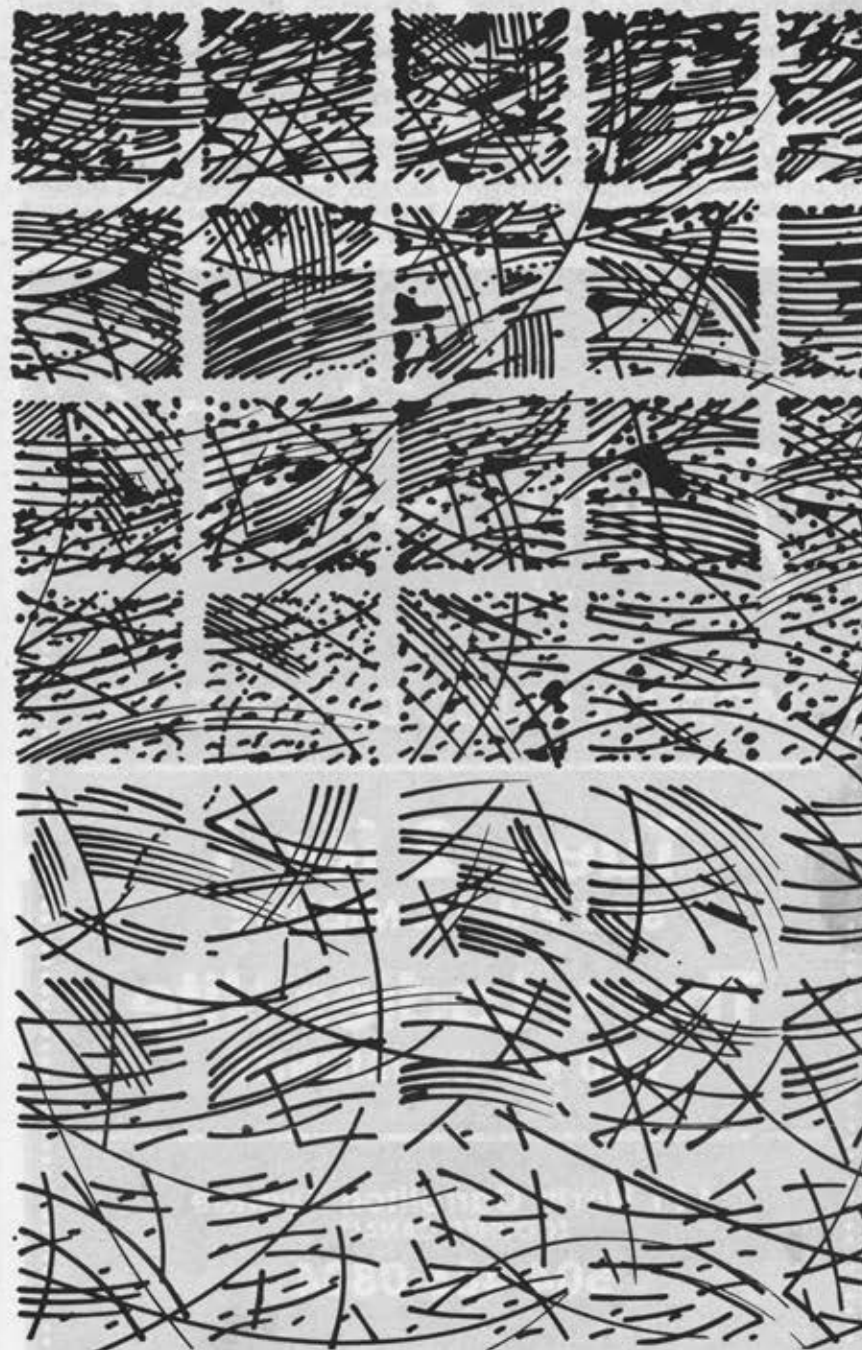
Pete Fountain's, in the Hilton, 523-4374. Pete Fountain and his band, at 10 nightly; one show only and reservations probably a good idea.

Qazabo Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862. Alfresco; ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

Houlihan's, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays



MERYL STREEP gives herself a facial: the photographs of Annie Leibovitz will be shown at A Gallery For Fine Photography through September 7.



WELLINGTON "DUKE" REITER'S drawings and sculpture will be exhibited at Arthur Roger Gallery August 4 through August 23.

from 9 until 2, saving Fridays.

Hen's Den, 4311 S.Claiborne, 821-1048. This used to be the Beaconette but now has the name of that ladies' shop on Carondelet. Hmmm. Reggae music Saturdays.

Ike's Place, 1701 N. Broad, 944-9337. Sundays: the Wagon Train Band.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Wed.1: The Sponges. Thurs.2: Cruisers (what next? destroyers? frigates?). Fri.3: The Rogues and Loose Change. Sat.4: The Models. Wed.8: The Vital Functions. Thurs.9: The Rogues. Fri.10: True Faith—which, according to that bawdy old hymn writer Martin Luther, resided "under the left nipple." Sat.11: The Sheiks. Tues.14: Socials, Union Chant, Cruisers, Frozen Tears (cry-sicles?). Wed.15: Taken, the Dino Cruise Band, The Press. Thurs.16: Multiple Places. Fri.17: Foe of Habit. Sat.18: The Fabulous Thunderbirds. Tues.21: Good Wave, Thurs. 23: The Hands. Fri.24: Pop Combo. Thurs.30: The Rogues. Fri.31: The Radiators.

Landmark Hotel, 541 Bourbon, 524-7615. Johnny Rusk's *Tribute to Elvis* (and how could you resist a man with raves from the *Enquirer* in his portfolio? and Laurin and Nancy Munsch. At 9 and 11 Monday through Saturday.

Le Moulin Rouge, 501 Bourbon, 524-4299. Mondays and Saturdays: A Night in Old New Orleans, with Becky Allen as the Casket Girls. In The Stage Door Lounge, Becky and Ricky and lest you be deceived that this sounds like a coffeehouse folk duo, let me quickly disabuse you of that notion because it's Becky Allen and Ricky Graham and the closest either of them ever gets to a cuppa mocha java is maybe Ella Mae Morse The Cow Cow Boogie Girl singing *Forty Cups Of Coffee*; Freddie Palmisano has his eye on the door and his hands on the piano. They're on the graveyard shift (St. Louis I and II but not Lafayette) at 12:30 a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays. Thursday evenings, Sandy Hanson materializes in the same venue at the same hour.

Lucky Pierre's, 735 Bourbon, 524-7865. Professor Big Stuff, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday from 1 a.m. 'til (what? at that hour?). Tom Jerik McDermott on piano, call for schedule.

Maple Leaf Bar, 8301 Oak, 866-9359. Tuesdays: L'I Queenie and the Skin Twins; Wednesdays: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Thursdays: Bruce Daigrepoint and Bourre. Sundays: the Wabash Company (sans cannonballs). Fri.3: Rockin' Dopsis and the Cajun Ramblers. Sat.4: The Radiators proclaiming with Baudelaire that *Il est l'heure de s'enivrer!* Fri.10: Exuma. Sat.11: Lenny Zenith and Pop Combo. Fri.17: Allison and the Distractions. Sat.18: Beau-soleil. Fri.24: the Radiators. Sat.25: Good Wave. Fri.31: TBA.

Munster's Dance Hall and Bar, 627 Lyons, 899-9109. Sat.4: Desiree. Sat.11: Southern Exposure. Call for the balance of dates.

New Storyville Club, 1100 Decatur St., 525-8199. Mon. Teddy Riley and the Jazz Masters. Tues: Placide Adams. Wed.: Chris Burke from 8-12; the James Rivers Movement from 12 'til Thurs.: The Camellia Jazz Band from 8-12; James Rivers from 12. Fri.: Placide Adams until midnight, followed by Luther Kent and Leslie Smith. Saturday: Gospel Express with Lady BJ from 1-6, the Camellia Jazz Band from 8-12, and Luther Kent and Leslie Smith into the small hours. Sunday: same, save for Chris Burke 8-12.

Nexus, 6200 Elysian Fields, 288-3440. Fridays: Germaine Bazzle, 6-9. Saturdays: LaVerne Butler and David Torkanowsky, 10-2.

Old Absinthe House, 400 Bourbon. Wednesdays through Sundays, Bryan Lee and the Jumpstreet Five. Mondays and Tuesdays, and also Saturday and Sunday afternoons: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers.

Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon, 522-3265. Sundays-Fridays from 4:45-8:30, Kathy Lucas and the Loose Band. Mondays-Wednesdays, Chocolate Milk. Thursdays-

Sundays, E.L.S.

Penny Post, 5110 Danneel. Sundays, always open mike. Check the board as you go in.

Pete's Pub, Hotel Inter-Continental, 525-5566. Every day except Sunday, A.J. Loria from 4.

Pontchartrain Hotel, Bayou Bar, 2031 St.Charles Ave., 524-0581. Bruce Versen from 5 until 9, during the week, save Thursdays and Fridays. Joel Simpson takes over post-cocktail and post-prandial keyboard duties and is joined by Rusty Gilder on bass on Saturdays.

Preservation Hall, 726 St. Peter, 523-8939. Along with Galatoire's and K-Paul's, one of the three places in town that consistently draws a long and deserved line outside; the only amenities are the musical ones. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik Colar. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.

Privateers, 6207 Franklin Ave., 282-0501. Call for dates.

Ryan's 500 Club, 441 Bourbon, 525-7269. Mon. through Wed., at 8:30 and Thursdays through Saturdays at 9, The Celtic Folk. Sundays at 3: *Celli* Tynan Irish Stepdancers.

Seaport Cafe and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0981. Wednesdays through Saturdays from 9 to 1 a.m., Sundays 2 to 6, Sally Townes. Call for Sunday night and Monday listings.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Randy Hebert; Thursdays through Mondays, Al Broussard.

Club Silver Dollar, 1254 N. Claiborne, 822-5226. Call for listings.

Slidell Hotel Bar, Slidell, 643-7020. Wed.1: Rainstreet. Fri.3 and Sat.4: The Topcats. Sun.5 and Wed.8: Trace. Fri.17 and Sat.18: Skruples. Sun.19: MDA Marathon Finals (hey, maybe I should enter this—probably the wrong kind of MDA though). Wed.: Sheiks. Fri.24 and Sat.25: the Clique. Sun.26 and Wed.29: Trace. Fri.31: Automatic, and no doubt, front-loading as well.

Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Thurs.2: Ironin' Board Sam. Fri.3: Caliente para el tiempo de calor. Sat.4: Delelavo Marsalis Quintet. Sun.5: Rebirth Brass Band. Mon.6: Boogie Bill Webb. Thurs.9: Ferd "Snooks" Eaglin. Fri.10: Lady BJ and Ellis Marsalis. Sat.11: Metrics. Sun.12: Dave Love (any relation to Mike or Christy or Darlene?) & Heads Up. Mon.13: Snakebite and the Cotton Mouths, featuring sweet Nida Threet (is that a threet or a promise?). Thurs.16: Ironin' Board Sam (but without his usual partner, Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl). Fri.17: Johnny Adams with the Ellis Marsalis Trio. Sat.18: Lady BJ and Ellis Marsalis, the Maggie Teyte and Gerald Moore of Blue Music. Sun.19: Juanita Brooks. Mon.20: Mighty Sam McClain with the Kerry Brown Blues Band. Thurs.23: "Snooks" Eaglin. Fri.24: Pat Mitchell and the Mike Pelleria Trio. Sat.25: the Earl Turbinton Quartet. Sun.26: The Metropolitan (opera? museum?) Trio. Mon.27: J.D. and the Jammers with Mr.G. Thurs.30: Ironin' Board Sam. Fri.31: Ramsey McLean and the Survivors. Sat.Sept.1: LaVerne Butler with James Black's (matching? traveling?) Ensemble. Sun.Sept.2: The N.O. Jazz Couriers—young lions, they call 'em, which is better than, I guess, young Turks. Mon.Sept.3: Walter Wolfman Washington and Solar System with Johnny Adams and the Asteroid Belt.

Sugar House Hotel, 315 Julia St., 525-1993. Fridays and Saturdays, 9-1 a.m.: Jeff Boudreaux, Jim Singleton and James Drew.

Toulouse Lautrec, 514 Toulouse, 529-1278. Tuesdays through Saturdays, when he is not bringing beams of sunshine to shut-ins and convalescents coast to coast, the home of the Frankie (Oooh-Whee, Oooh-Whee, Baby) Ford Show. Call for information.

Tyler's, 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Modern jazz, good raw oysters. Sundays: the Harry Connick Band. Mondays: Ellis Marsalis and Steve Masakowski. Tuesdays: Leslie Smith, Nick Daniels, Mike Pelleria and Zig Modeliste. Wednesdays: The Red Rivers

Band, Thursdays: Germaine Bazzle, Mike Pelleria, Jim Singleton, John Vidacovich. Fridays and Saturdays: The James Rivers Movement.

The Veranda, in the Intercontinental Hotel, 525-5566. Mondays through Fridays, LeRoy Jones from 7 to 10.

Weasey's, 1610 Belle Chasse, 361-7902. Tuesdays-Saturdays: Firewater. Sunday and Monday: the Luzianne Band. Fridays and Saturdays, from 3 to 7 a.m., the LeBlanc Brothers.

ART

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 3814 Magazine, 891-4665. Through September: Group show of gallery artists, the lot of them.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Call for information.

Arthur Roger, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Aug.4 through 30: Photographs by John Lawrence. Aug.4 through 23: Sculptures and drawings by Wellington Reiter.

Blenville Gallery, 1800 Hastings Place, 523-5889. Call the gallery for information.

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Through September 2: The National Women's Art Exhibition, honoring the contributions to American art made through the years by the likes of classical sculptress Harriet Hosmer, superrealist Audrey Flack, satirical printmaker Peggy Bacon, ironic faux-naif portraitist Alice Neel, renderer of male flesh *par excellence* Sylvia Sleigh, photographers Getrude Kasebier and Dorothea Lange, abstractionist Lee Krassner, critics Dore Ashton and Barbara Rose, and hordes of others without whom American art would be a less interesting thing (these women may not be in the show, but just demonstrate the variety of American women's artistic accomplishment).

Galerie Simone Stern, 2727 Prytania, 895-2452. Through August: end-of-summer group show of paper works as befits the season of palmetto fans and Japanese lanterns and bug lights.

A Gallery For Fine Photography, 5432 Magazine, 891-1002. Through Sept.7: Annie Leibowitz's *Portraits from Rolling Stone*, being a selection of pictures of celebrities, most of them musical, taken during that magazine's halcyon period. Through Nov.11: *Old New Orleans 1884-1935*, photos and souvenirs from the Cotton Centennial Exposition, etc.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 517-525 Tchoupitoulas St. Through Nov.18: *The Waters of America: 19th Century Paintings of Rivers, Streams, Lakes and Waterfalls*, a mammoth exhibition of some of the finest American art of the period ranging from the vistas of Asher B. Durand and the genre scenes of George Caleb Bingham through the realistic approach of Eakins and the fantasias of Frederic Edwin Church, and the ineffable (and well-represented here) Albert Bierstadt whose recollected-in-tranquility scenes of Far West natural wonders were done by and large in his studio in Brooklyn; the local paintings in this show are both perfectly delightful and still, yes, even now, perfectly recognizable as to locale. At the Collection's main branch on Royal (though one could hardly call the Tchoupitoulas Street facility a slave quarter or even *garconniere*), Boyd Cruise's delightful pen-and-ink *Louisiana Alphabet* drawings.

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. Through Nov.18: *A Century of Vision*, a show of Louisiana photographs taken between the two fairs, including works by Pops Whitesell, Frances Johnston, Mugnier, *et alia* up to the present. Through November: *The Sun King*, an historical extravaganza from *la belle France* saluting the man who revoked the Edict of Nantes and inspired Saint Simon's Memoirs, including documents, paintings, objects, and decorative arts, furniture, sculpture, etc. from *le grand Siecle*, and including two sumptuous Poussins (hung poorly), a wonderful Philippe de Champaigne portrait of the Abbess of Port-Royal, some works by Bourdon and Vouet, a curious enormous pencil map on brown paper of Paris at the time, a portrait of the weaselly-looking Comte de Pontchartrain, Louis' cheque for his wife's gambling debts,

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a Jesuit map of the Mississippi with funny little bison drawn on the margins wherever they were spotted, and much more. At the Old Mint: *Life on the Mississippi*, a sampling of the museum's work dealing with that big bit of water to your left, and not drawn by itinerant Jesuits, either.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 895-8731. Through August: a group show of gallery regulars.

New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Through Sept. 9: *Circles of the World: Traditional Art of the Plains Indians*; *Turning Point: The Harlem Renaissance from Traditional to Ethnic Expressions*—this may be interesting to see as the Harlem Renaissance (a bright spot in the history of a middle-class 19th Century Jewish neighborhood gone wrong) was largely, except for the somewhat overrated (artistically) photographs of James Van Der Zee and the white Carl Van Vechten (who had his own reasons for hanging out there), a literary and musical phenomenon, and also, largely, a creation of newspaper columnists and thrill-seeking socialites; the Metropolitan Museum of Art ran afoul of just this almost 20 years ago when they mounted their *Harlem On My Mind*—a better title, you must admit—and took it from all sides at once; *Contemporary Louisiana Art*.

Posselt-Baker Gallery, 631 Toulouse, 524-7242. Call for information.

Tahir Gallery, 823 Chartres, 525-3095. Through September. *Recent Acquisitions—Original Prints by American Masters*, of which a recent illustration was one of those wonderful 'scandalous' Cadmus prints of sailors and doxies that drove the Navy wild in the Thirties.

Tilden-Foley, 4119 Magazine, 897-5300. Aug. 4 through Sept. 6: a group show of artists who have exhibited this past season: Martin Delabano, Adele Goodine, Shirley Rabe Masinter, Gary Panter.

CINEMA

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3196. Tues. 7: *Rider on the Rain*—you'd never know, but now you do, that this film, a confusing psycho-killer-on-the-loose and pretty-young-wife-with-husband-out-of-town-in-remote-house job slacker directed by Rene Clement, was the film that Put Charles Bronson Over. One of the mysteries of mass-audience taste; the handsome Gabriele Tinti appears as the husband. Wed. 8: *Suzanne Simonin, La Religieuse de Diderot*, Jacques Rivette's semi-sublime version of the Diderot novelette about various forms of unhappy convent life inflicted upon a young woman with no vocation (a common practice during the "glorious" reign of the Sun King—cf. W.H. Lewis' *The Splendid Century* for lurid details and name-naming); in its ascetic purity of filming it resembles the great Philippe de Champaigne pictures of 18th Century religious. Anna Karina is the hapless Suzanne, the eternally lovely Micheline Presle appears as a good-time abbess; this film was banned and denounced by the Andre Malraux cultural gestapo in France when it appeared in 1966 for reasons too baroque to be fathomable now (useless info: a *religieuse* is also a name for a type of tart—the pastry kind). Thurs. 9: *White Voices*, a long and dismal comedy about the *castrati* of the 18th Century when such creatures were the glory of the musical world (remember the story of the melancholic Philip V of Spain paying Farinelli, I believe, a small fortune to sing him the same four songs every night for several decades), directed by Pasquale Festa-Campanile and made in 1965, that period when everyone seemed to have Tom-Jones-itis and was busy making movies about the bawdy Age of Enlightenment, to no one's especial enlightenment. Tues. 14: *RoGoPaG*, a compilation film (by ROssellini, GOdard, PASolini and Gregoretti, hence the title—one suspects they were ranked in order of their importance) of note primarily because "La Ricotta," Pasolini's segment, dealing with the filming of a Biblical epic (Orson Welles playing the director), scandalized the Catholic world—

though Pasolini's unfortunate poems about Pius XII had already split his britches with the Vatican; semi-recommended sight unseen as a *cause-celebre*. Thurs. 16: *Uccellacci e Uccellini*, Pasolini's 1965 allegory, is one of his two best films (along with *Salo*, from which it could not differ more) and certainly his funniest; two travelers along the Road of Life (the sublime Toto and grinning-idiot Pasolini protege Ninetto Davoli) encounter a talking, leftist-intellectual crow who tells them the tale of the hawks and the sparrows; delightful, and with a very curious scene of an all-Italian-teenage-boy roadhouse deep in the campaign with all the boys twisting to the noise of transistors. Admission is by either season subscription (\$15) or by \$1.50 admission; they are shown in Bobet Hall, Room 332. **New Orleans Museum of Art**, City Park, 488-2631. Films about Plains Indians: Sun. 12: *Children of the Plains Indians*. Sun. 26: *End of the Trail: The American Plains Indian*. At 3; free with Museum admission.

Prytania, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Fri. 3 through Sun. 5: *Privates On Parade*, directed by Michael Blakemore, about a British Army revue unit staging a show in Malaya circa 1950; Denis Quilley is the mad queen in charge of the show while John Cleese is his opposite number, a puritanical minded major. Mon. 6 through Thurs. 9: *Heatwave*, an Australian *film noir* directed by Philip Noyce with Judy Davis and Richard Moir, and *The Year of Living Dangerously*, Peter Weir's overrated film about those inscrutable Indonesians, which includes Linda Hunt's remarkable *travesti* performance which (deservedly for a change) won her an Oscar, though not as Best Supporting Actor, and a finely done scene of the press corps and their cronies dancing to Jerry Lee Lewis' "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On." Fri. 10 through Thurs. 16: *Confidentially Yours*, a Truffaut film which once again uses pulp-thriller base material (as did such lesser efforts as *Mississippi Mermaid* and *The Bride Wore Black*—as usual, the French don't seem to understand why Cornell Woolrich and Ed McBain aren't right up there with Henry James and Emerson and Poe) in an unsummarizable plot about a girl Friday out to clear her detective employer's name; any chance to see that gorgeous big-drink-of-water Fanny Ardant is welcome, however. Thurs. 17 through Sun. 19: *Diva*, Jean-Jacques Benieux's insufferable exercise in the worst aspects of American film-making (cf. *La Balance* for a recent, similar example), and the Taviani Brothers' war-epic-on-a-personal-scale, *The Night of the Shooting Stars*. Fri. 24 through Sept. 6: *Backstage At The Kirov*, directed by Derek Hart, deals documentary-fashion with the two-centuries-old ballet school in Leningrad and incorporates much of the second act of *Swan Lake*.

Tulane, 865-5191. Sun. 5 at 8: *North By Northwest*, Hitchcock's self-parodic 1959 summary of his innocent-man-entangled chase films from *The 39 Steps* to *Vertigo* (another, slower kind of chase film); one of Hitchcock's funniest, shortest scenes: Jesse Royce Landis, turning to the ruthless pursuers in the crowded elevator and asking, while Cary Grant grimaces, "You gentlemen aren't really trying to kill my son, are you?"

THEATRE

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. *We Love You William*, a drama by Anthony Bean of the Ethiopian Theatre, with some assistance from Allen Toussaint whose name, as they say, needs no introduction. Performances 8:15, Aug. 2-5, 9-12, and 16-19.

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 522-2081. *Split Ends*, a musical comedy by Buddy Sheffield, performed Tuesday through Saturday at 8; late night comedy workshop, Cheap Theatix, performs twice nightly the same nights beginning at 10:30.

Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2653. Through Aug. 25: *Garden District*, two Tennessee Williams playlets, *Something Unspoken* about the psychological mastery of one spinster by another (Strindberg did this sort of thing much bet-

ter in *The Stranger*, but never mind), performed by David Swisher and Richard Chaney, New Orleans' answer to The Lunts, or maybe to Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps and the ineffable *Suddenly, Last Summer* which deals with cannibalism, lobotomies, homosexuality, incest, repressed Poles, bad poetry, everything in fact that makes life worth living. Performances Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30.

Minacapelli's Dinner Theatre, 7901 S. Claiborne, 888-7000. Aug. 10 through Sept. 13: *Any Wednesday*, about a kept woman who wakes up to the fact that life is indeed for the living.

Rose Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 367-5400. Through Aug. 12: *Annie*, a musical comedy based on the exploits of the altruistic little ragamuffin who—as drawn by Harold Gray—always looked like she was wearing poker chip monocles. Aug. 17-23rd: *Move Over, Mrs. Markham*, with a title like that either a farce or a session of group therapy.

Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse, 522-7852. *One Mo' Time* on sabbatical until it begins its seventh season in September.

LA. CLUBS

Antler's, 555 Jefferson, Lafayette, 318-234-8877.

The Big Apple, Highway 1, Larose, 693-8688. Seats 2000!

Booker's, 1040 Texas Ave., Shreveport, 318-425-2292.

Calcutta, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-424-3368 / 3375.

Circle in the Square, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-222-2216.

Ciancy's Landing and Brick Street Tavern, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

Desperado Saloon, Highway 90, Raceland, 1-537-3647.

Emporium, 2183 Highland Road, Baton Rouge, 387-9538.

Enoch's—A Cafe, 5202 Desiard Street, Monroe, 318-343-9950.

The Fool On The Hill, 1000 Bayou Black Drive, Houma, 851-6892.

Fred's, Mamou, 318-468-5411.

Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-892-7057.

Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-537-8513.

Harry's Club, 517 Parkway, Breau Bridge, 318-332-9569.

Hee Haw, 822 Manhattan Blvd., Harvey, 361-9321.

Humphree's, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

Iron Horse, 403 Phillip, Thibodaux, 1-447-9991.

Jefferson Street Cafe, 209 Jefferson, Lafayette, 318-234-9647.

Mulate's, Breau Bridge Highway, Breau Bridge, 318-332-4648.

The Ol' Corner Bar, 221 Poydras, Breau Bridge, 318-332-9512.

Papa's Place, Old Town, Slidell.

Pappa Joe's, 12375 Florida Blvd., Baton Rouge, 1-273-2376.

Paradise Club, 121 S. Buchanan, Lafayette, 318-232-5313.

Party Town, Military Road, Slidell, 1-649-3867.

Peppy's, 4365 Perkins Rd., Baton Rouge, 381-9079.

Ruby's Rendez-Vous, Highway 190 in Mandeville, 1-626-9933.

Ruby's Road House, 840 Lamarque, Mandeville, 1-626-3001.

Rusty Nail, 540 E. King's Highway, Shreveport.

Scarlett O's, 1025 Broad, Lake Charles, 318-436-8742.

Slick's Music Hall, Highway 31, St. Martinville, 318-394-3867.

Steak and Lobster Inn's Fireside Pub, 820 E. King's Highway, Shreveport, 318-868-5306.

Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-425-7539.

Toby's, 1303 Grimm Drive, Shreveport, 318-222-9903.

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□ AUGUST □
REGULAR FEATURES

SUNDAYS—Wabash Co. Blue

Grass Band

MONDAYS—Riverside Ramblers

TUESDAYS—Li'l Queenie

WEDNESDAYS—Mason Ruffner
THURSDAYS—Bruce Daigrepoint
& Bourre

WEEKEND ATTRACTIONS— 10:30 PM

FRI 3 — Rokin' Dopsie & the
Cajun Twisters

SAT 4 — Radiators

FRI 10 — Exuma

SAT 11 — Lenny Zenith &
Pop Combo

FRI 17 — Allison & The
Distractions

SAT 18 — Beausoleil

FRI 24 — Radiators

SAT 25 — Good Wave

FRI 31 — T B A

(frightening when you realize that just 3,000 is the break-even point for a small company). He also pointed out that among collectors, the music gains authenticity once it gets reissued in Europe, even with Americans—so much so that Charly has opened a distributorship in California, fully expecting that one day half their sales will come from America. Charly's ambitious plans call for as many as ten new albums a month in the future, more than some of the major labels in America. Their hottest item at present is a *Northern Dance Sampler*. Young explained that in the North of England the discos feature only obscure American soul from the late Sixties and early Seventies. Apparently some of the original singles found their way to the British Isles as ballast for ocean-going vessels! "Northern Soul," as it's referred to, includes artists like the Montclairs, Jackie Day, Mary Love, the Intentions and even Danny White. Odd but true, a first pressing of 3,000 was completely sold out inside of a week. Incredible!

Next it was off to Newick, in East Sussex, to visit John Broven, who of course wrote *Walkin' To New Orleans* and *South To Louisiana*. Broven, a banker by day and a musicologist by night, couldn't live in a quainter spot. His village, Newick, actually was entered in a contest to determine the neatest village in England. He lives in a 15th-century house complete with a rose garden, manicured lawn, rock garden and fireplace (but no turrets). Ordinarily, it would be the last place on earth you'd expect to see rooms full of R&B records and priceless photos and magazines. Over a ploughman's lunch, Broven disclosed that his next project is to write the authorized Fats Domino biography—all he needs is for Fats to give the okay. (Fats, are you reading this?)

One evening we picked up another "music

critic," Dave Williams (whose claim to immortality is that he lent Jimmy Page the blues records Page ripped off to make the early Led Zeppelin hits) and we motored back into London to catch some live music and consume an East Indian meal. It was explained that East Indian food is the closest thing in England to the highly spiced Creole cuisine revered by both Broven and Williams. Musically, we heard Pete Thomas and Deep Sea Jivers, a rather adept R&B combo. Pete is an ex-Doorman who plays a pretty mean tenor sax. Besides his own jumpy tunes, e.g., "Sausage, Beans, Onions and Gravy" (how's that for British R&B?), the combo played good covers of "Harlem Nocturne" and a number of Louis Jordan tunes, accentuated by Thomas playing on his back on the front table.

As the evening ended early at 10:30, we returned to Dave Williams' house and shot pool while we listened to one of his two jukeboxes, stocked with the likes of "Who Shot The La-La" and "Take Me To The River," until midnight or so.

Next day it was off to the less musical environs of Chester in Northern England to see the sights. Nevertheless, I managed to sniff out a record fair where I purchased some British-issued Fats Domino LPs and some books I'd been looking for. There were even dealers from Scotland and Ireland selling their wares and I saw some stuff that would make American collectors flip.

Our next major stop was a few days later in Paris. While we did little club going we did stay next door to a cafe that was going to feature Memphis Slim (he still lives in Paris) and Cleanhead Vinson in a few weeks. I was impressed by some of the street musicians in Paris whose music ranged from classical guitarists to an old man playing "The Saints" on a foot-long harmonica. They all got a franc from me.

I did stop by EMI-Pathe Marconi Records to

visit Giles Petard, who possesses one of the world's largest R&B record collections and who spearheads the excellent reissue projects presented by Pathe-Marconi. It is my opinion that Monsieur Petard might have the most enviable job on earth. Besides being well up the ladder at one of the world's largest record companies, he flies off to Los Angeles periodically to listen to unreleased Smiley Lewis tapes and plans what gets put on the market. He also jets off to all parts of Europe to promote the latest EMI releases (Tina Turner at present) or to complete some business for the label. Petard has plans for thirteen new albums culled from the vaults of Imperial and Aladdin, including issues by Sugar Boy Crawford, Smiley Lewis, another Dave Bartholomew, The Hawks, T-Bone Walker, Joe Turner, and many more. He also pointed out that packaging is extremely important when considering reissue LPs as the collectors are far more appreciative of informative notes, vintage photos and graphics. Petard has little hopes of getting a hit but pointed out that all of Pathe-Marconi's releases have made available great music to the general public once again. Hear Hear!

I also popped into a few record shops on Giles Petard's recommendation, the best being Oldies But Goodies, USA Records and Boogie. The latter is also the home of the excellent French magazine *Soul Bag*, and I met the editor Pierre Daguette who gave me a handful of copies of his excellent publication, including one that featured great cover photos of Elmore James. I found some hard-to-find Japanese Specialty LPs inside the shop and an unknown Roy Brown disc.

As time wore on, even I grew tired of record hunting and chasing music (although I did get to meet transplanted guitarist Mickey Baker) so I settled down to taking in a very beautiful city, ending my musical field trip but not my vacation. *C'est la vie.*

Teen-agers...



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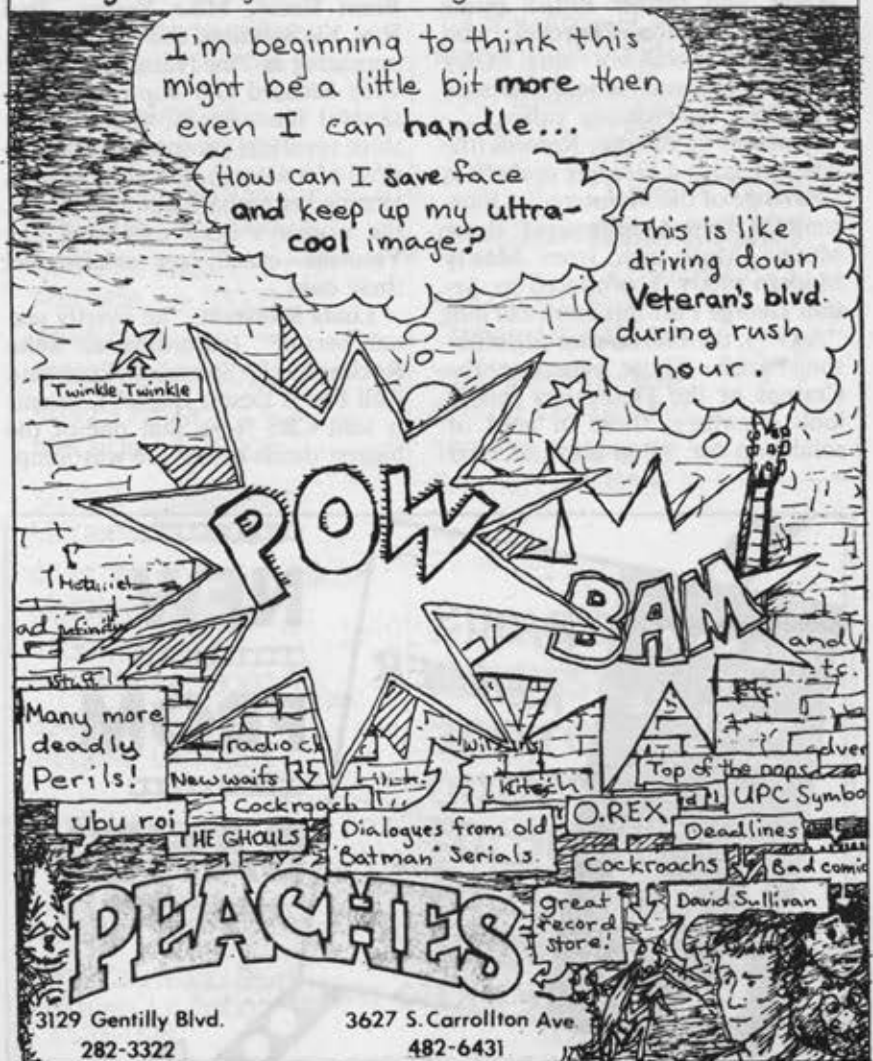
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"We must not become complacent over any success," Chairman Mao Tse-tung wrote in 1943. "We should check our complacency and constantly criticize our shortcomings, just as we should wash our faces or sweep the floor every day to remove the dirt and keep them clean."

Our own resident revolutionaries, the Red Rockers have been doing a bit of house-cleaning lately. To the basic cadre of guitarist/vocalist John Griffith, Irish drummer Jim Riley and bassist Darren Hill, the group has added Marrero guitarist Shawn Paddock and keyboardist Gary Attardo, formerly of the Models (Mike Margiotta, yet another son of the land of Raphael and Italo Calvino, will replace Attardo in the Models).

The Rockers' third album, *Schizophrenic Circus*, produced by Rick Chertoff (the man who made Cyndi Lauper what she is today—no, he's not her hairdresser!), will be released in September and will include 8 new original tunes and a cover version of Barry McGuire's "Eve of Destruction" (an appropriate idea for these times although someone else—we can't remember who at the moment—already did a reprise of this ditty...why not cover Sgt. Barry Sadler's "The Ballad of the Green Berets" and go for the ironic market?). Among the guest stars on *Schizophrenic Circus* are "psychedelic banjoist" Rob Hyman of the Hooters (the composer of Ms. Lauper's "Time After Time"), fiddler/bagpiper John Caulfield, synth-sensation Peter "Year of the Cat" Wood, and former British prime minister Winston Churchill, who talks but does not sing. Oley "Lights! Camera! Action!" Sassone will direct the requisite videos.

Out now on Revenge Records (the label's logo is a bleeding eyeball) is "Revenge of the Monsters," a four-song EP from the Monsters ("those Mutant Music-men from Mostly Modern Metry"), produced by Arthur George Parr (his mom call him "A.G."), the Phil Spector of Jefferson Parish. Those expecting the Cramps or the Flesheaters should look elsewhere; those in need of solid pop (or "Pop-ola," as Parr



Monster Mash

dubs it) have exhumed the right coffin. The best number, "Born Erect," is a swell sendup of Bruce "Buns" Springsteen, right down to the cascading piano. The players include James "Bubba" Clement, George Neyrey, Robert Simmons, Brent Roser, Mike Neyrey, Jimi Ray, Vic Saladino, and Ayne Nolan, appearing as "the Nurse." Sci-fi art whiz Richard Ory contributed the tasteful illustrations, which depict three revolvers protruding from the skull of a woman, the same woman ripping her eyeballs out and finally, the woman's head exploding like Vesuvius—exactly how we often feel these days.

Linda Ronstadt, "an overtly sexual person" (according to John Rockwell, cf. "Stranded: Rock and Roll For A Desert Island"), recently told CBS News that one of the biggest thrills of her life was jump-

ing on stage with the Neville Brothers at the World's Fair. La Linda also said that the Valence Street gang is her "favorite group in the world."

Meanwhile, *Neville-ization*, the band's current live-at-Tipitina's disc is selling like Belgian waffles. Our Department of Corrections would like to point out that, despite the kudos delivered by Vincent Fumar in the *Times-Picayune* concerning the album's sterling sound qualities, much of the credit should go to Texas engineer Larry Wallace, who did a masterful job of tidying up Glenn Himmaugh's recordings, which were a mite ragged. You can't always read what you believe on the back of album jackets, kids!

Thirty-seven Louisiana musicians, including Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers, the Dirty Dozen, the Golden Eagles, Buckwheat Zydeco

Its Sont Partis Band, Katie Webster, and Clarence Garlow, will spend August and September touring Texas, California, and the vicinity with an appearance slated at the San Francisco Blues Festival.

The Ditty, New Orleans' greatest existentialist punk band, have reformed and we sincerely hope that Cindy Chambers, our favorite young Catholic, is back on the bass guitar. If not, she's probably in a convent somewhere, polishing lunettes and designing dalmatics.

The Blue Room will soon undergo major renovations and will re-open on September 12. The rumor we hear is that the place will be painted gold and if that's not a sacrilege, we'd like to know what is. Say it ain't so, Robyn!

Ivan Neville and Hutch Hutchinson have joined Bonnie Raitt's band. *One Mo' Time* has ceased its French Quarter run, which began—let's see—back when Robert Maestri was mayor.

We'll forgive him because he's only 22 and obviously, he's never heard the Meat Puppets...Here's what Wynton Marsalis says, concerning the state of pop music, in the July issue of *down beat*: "Ain't nothing happening in pop music, today. In the '70s you had Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder, creative cats, geniuses, making music that musicians would sit down and figure out. Now in pop music they're just trying to see who can wear the most sweaters, dresses, Jheri-Curl their hair. The arrangements behind Michael Jackson are nice arrangements, but Duke Ellington did arrangements in 1930. What standards are we using? Compared to what? Louis Armstrong made statements for all time about the condition of American humans at the time that he lived. To me, in music in the past five years, I don't hear anything great."

Well, we agree that Louis Armstrong was a genius but there ain't no way he's ever going to be cool again among the young Jheri-Curled dudes who reside in our city's housing projects. We love you, Wynton—even if you're starting to start sound like the black Ambrose Bierce.

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